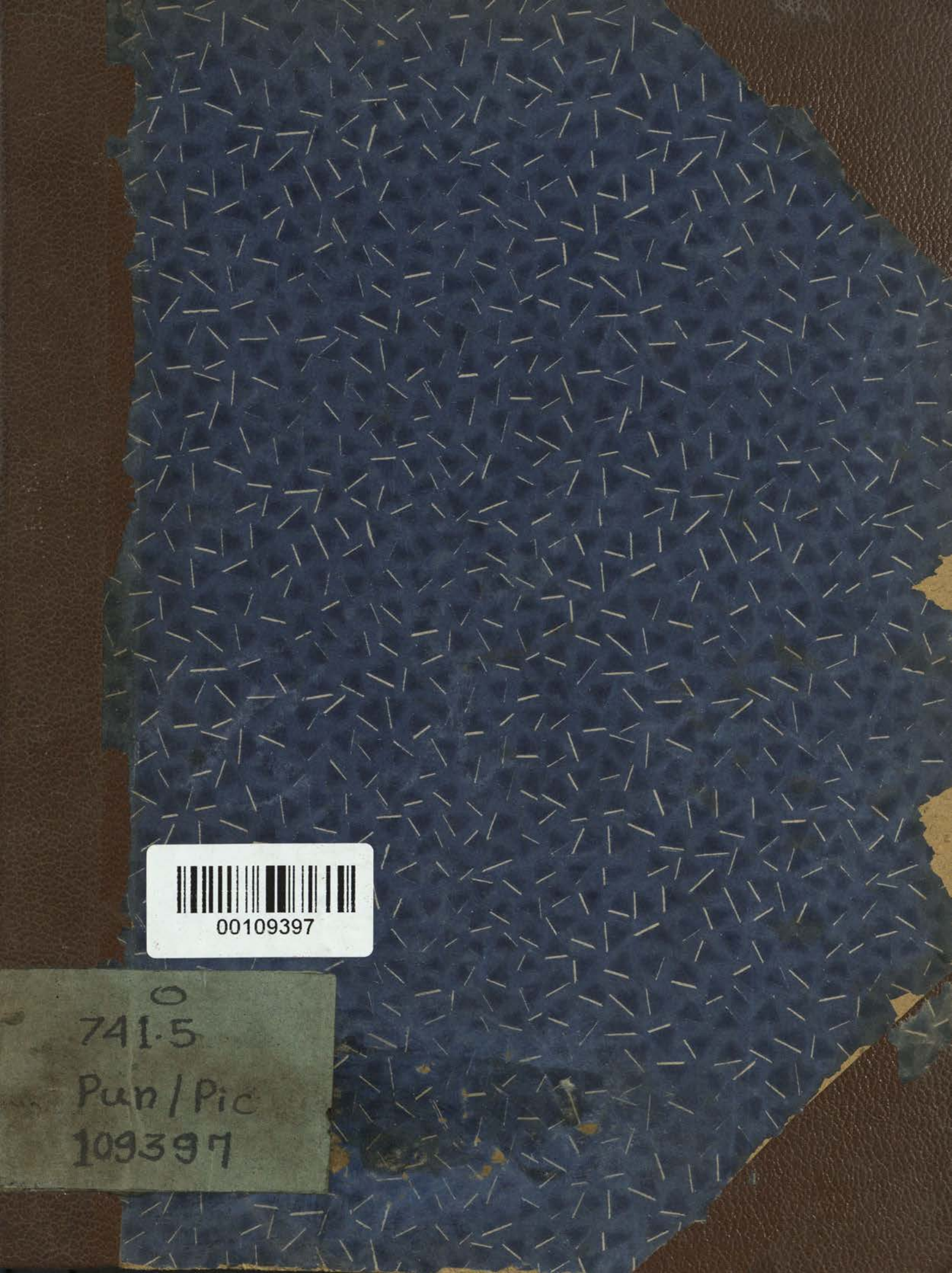
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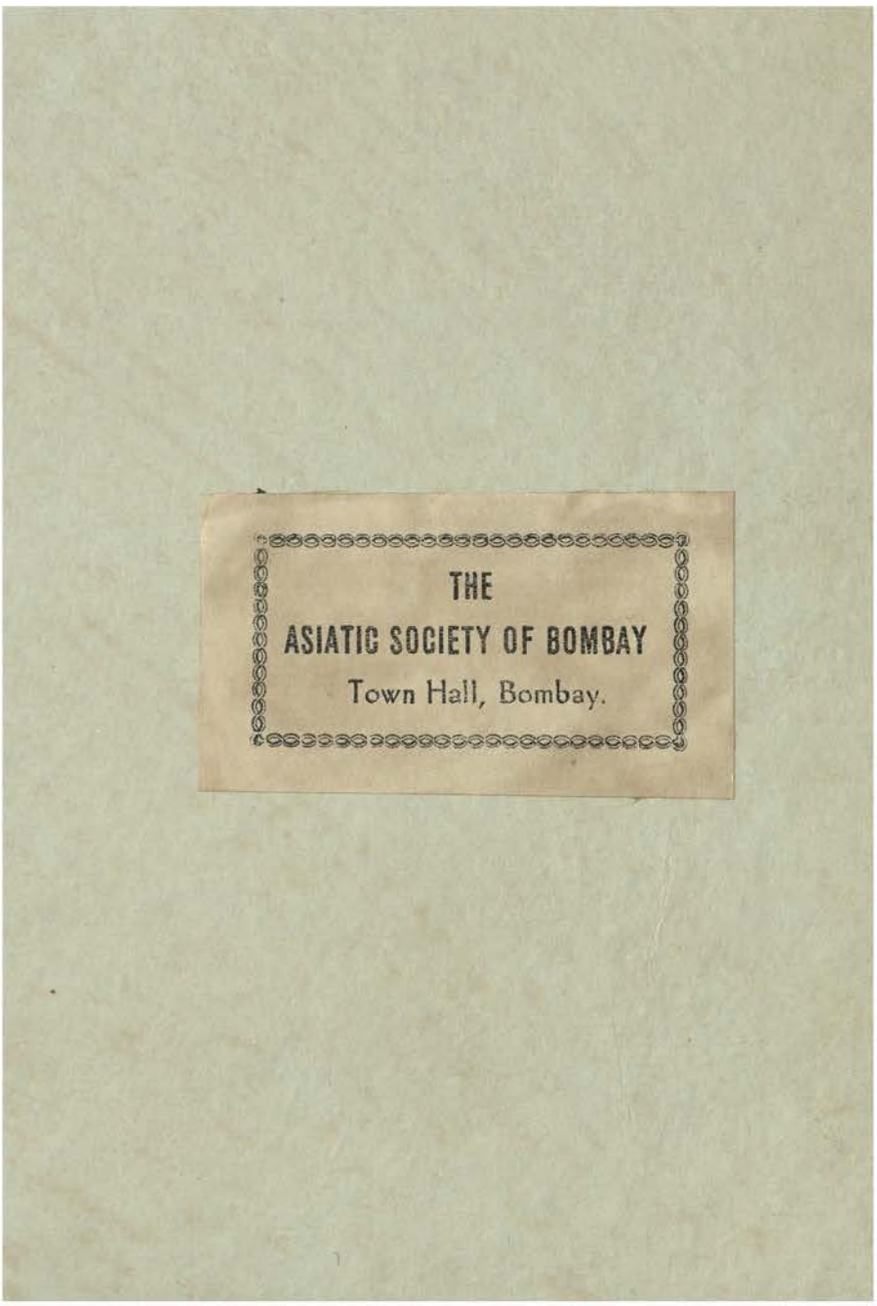

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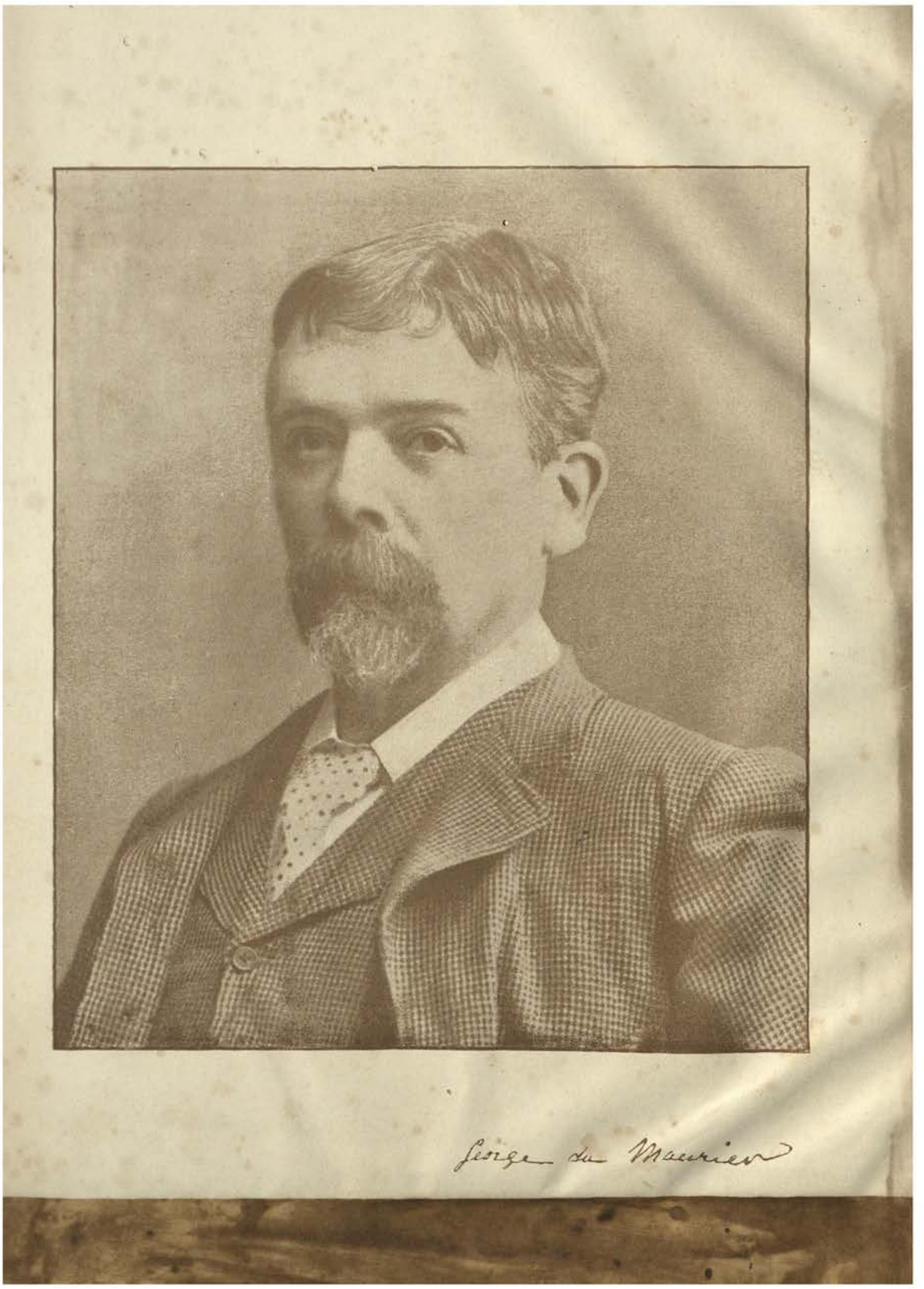

George du Maurier

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PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

REAPPEARANCE OF MR. PUNCH.

BRUTUM FULMEN.

Old Gentleman. "NOW YOU CHILDREN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS: IF YOU MAKE ANY MORE NOISE IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE, I'LL SPEAK TO THAT POLICEMAN."

Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled). "THAT P'LICEMAN! LOR', WE AIN'T AFEERD OF *'IM!* WHY, *THAT'S FATHER!*"

SAGACITY.

Countryman. "FI' POUNDS TOO MUCH FOR HIM? HE'S A WON'ERFUL GOOD SPORTIN' DAUG, SIR! WHY HE COME TO A DEAD PINT IN THE STREET, SIR, CLOSE AGIN A OL' GEN'LEMAN, THE OTHER DAY—'FUST O' SEPTEMBER IT WAS, SIR!—AN' THE GEN'LEMAN TOLD ME ARTERWARDS AS HIS NAME WERE 'PARTRIDGE'!"

Customer. "YOU DON'T SAY SO!" *[Bargain struck!*

LAD OF OBSERVATION.

"WELL, HE'S JEST THE RIGHT SORT O' CHAP FOR A—WOT-DE-CALL-EM?—PRY'ONEER. WHY ONLY SHOVE 'IM FUST THROUGH A HEDGE, AND HE'D MAKE A GAP BIG ENOUGH FOR A WHOLE REDGMINT TO MARCH THROUGH!"

EVIDENCE OLFACTORY.

Angelina (scientific). "DO YOU SMELL THE IODINE FROM THE SEA, EDWIN? ISN'T IT REFRESHING?"

Old Salt (overhearing). "WHAT YOU SMELL AIN'T THE SEA, MISS. IT'S THE TOWN-DRAINS AS FLOWS OUT JUST 'ERE!"

EMPHATIC.

Old Lady (to Telegraph Clerk). "O PLEASE MISTER JUST WRITE ME A TELEGRAM TO MY SON JOHN, AND TELL HIM TO COME HOME DIRECTLY, AND MIND AND PUT A DASH UNDER 'DIRECTLY'!!"

THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

"O, I WANT TO BUY ANOTHER OF THOSE PRETTY TEAPOTS, LIKE THE ONE I BOUGHT LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW!"

"SHURE AN' WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPIN' THEM INTIRELY, MY LADY! FOR AS SOON AS IVER WE GOT THEM IN, WE SOLD THEM OUT!"

"GAME" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Captain Jinks. "BIRDS PLENTIFUL, I HOPE, DONALD?"

Donald. "TOUSANS, SIR—IN TOUSANS."

Captain J. "ANY ZEBRAS?"

Donald (anxious to please). "IS'T ZEBRAS? THEY'RE IN TOUSANS, TOO."

Captain J. "AND GORILLAS, NO DOUBT?"

Donald. "WEEL, NOO AN' THEN WE SEE ANE OR TWA—JUST LIKE YERSEL'."

WAGES AND WIVES.

Philanthropic Farmer. "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."

Tomkins. "NO, THANKY', MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"

Farmer. "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"

Tomkins. "AH, BUT YOU SEE I DRINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D 'OOMAN 'LL 'EV THE TWO SHILLUN'S!!"

PLEASURE TRIPS OF BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON THINK THEY WOULD LIKE TO GO AND SEE THE REVIEW.

THEY GO TO SEE THE REVIEW

THEY TRY A "GOOD STRONG STAND."

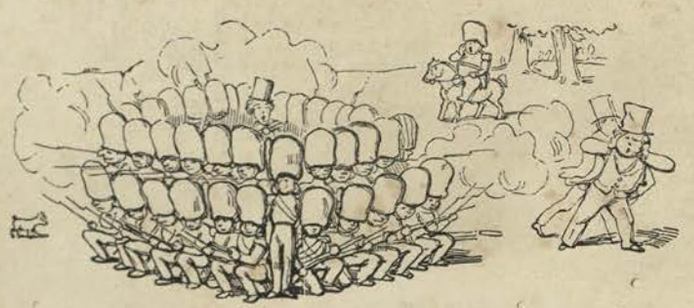
ROBINSON SUGGESTS A TREE, "AS BEING MORE SECURE."

THE TROOPS MARCH PAST THE "DOOK" IN SLOW TIME.

A CHARGE OF CAVALRY TAKES PLACE

POSITION OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON AFTER THE CHARGE.

HOW THE TROOPS LOOKED WHEN THE FIRING BEGAN.



BROWN, "BY SOME MISTAKE," FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A HOLLOW SQUARE.

FINAL CATASTROPHE: REMOVAL OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON BY THE MILITARY.

A MISTAKE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE, WHICH AUNT FOOZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

ENCOURAGING PROSPECT!

Piscator Juvenis. "ANY SPORT, SIR?"
Piscator Senex. "OH, YES; VERY GOOD SPORT."
Piscator Juvenis. "BREAM?"
Piscator Senex. "NO!"
Piscator Juvenis. "PERCH?"
Piscator Senex. "NO!"
Piscator Juvenis. "WHAT SPORT, THEN?"
Piscator Senex. "WHY, KEEPING CLEAR OF THE WEEDS!"

"EN PASSANT."

"WHAT *ARE* YOU ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT, IDA?"

"I'M ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT NOTHING, AUNTIE. I NEVER THINK ABOUT ANYTHING, UNLESS I HAPPEN TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT."

INDIGESTION DELICATELY DESCRIBED.

Mamma. "WHERE IS YOUR PAIN, MY DARLING?"

Edith. "O—JUST IN THAT PLACE WHERE A DOLL'S WAX ENDS; AND IT GOES ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY LEGS!"

THE SCHOOL-ROOM AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Exit Herr Klein, the Music-Master. *Enter Monsieur Maxime Béchamel, Chevalier du Cordon Bleu.*

"BON JOUR, MESDEMOISELLES! TO-DAY VE CONSTRUCT ZE SOUPE À L'OIGNON, VE APPROFONDISE ZE MYSTERIES OF ZE OMELETTE AUX FINES HERBES, VE ACCOMMODATE ZE SKAIT TO ZE BLACK BUTTER, VE MAKE ZE POTATOES JUMP; AND ZEN, TO MITIGATE ZE AUSTERITY OF OUR STUDIES, VE EXECUTE A LEETLE DEESH OF ŒUFS À LA NEIGE. ALLONS, MESDEMOISELLES! TOUT EST PRÊT J'ESPÈRE?"

Governess and Young Ladies. "OUI, MONSIEUR LE PROFESSEUR."

MECHANICS IN SPORT.

PATENT STEAM PLOUGH EXPRESS TRAVELLING CHAIR FOR LAZY SHOTS.

MECHANICS IN SPORT.

IMPROVED CLOCKWORK HUNTERS, WITH PATENT CAMB-SADDLE BUMPING ACTION.

Up to any weight. Quiet to ride. When properly wound up, will stay through the longest run.

NEEDLESS CONSIDERATION.

"MY HORSE HE LIKE NOT YOUR WALL OF STONE—I GO TO MAKE IT MORE LOW!"

"HÉ! LÀ-BAS!!"

CONSIDERATE.

Stout Equestrienne (regarding toll-ticket). "DEAR ME, MY GOOD MAN, THIS MUST SURELY BE A MISTAKE. 'HORSE AND LOAD, THREEPENCE'!"

Tollman. "NOA, NOA, MEM—I'VE STROOK OOT TH' PENNY. I HEVN'T CHARGED FOR THE LOAD."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

(As zey are Spoke at ze Country 'Ouse.)

Hostess. "OH—ER—J'ESPAIR KER VOOS AVVY TROOVY VOTRE—VOTRE—ER—ER—VOTRE *COLLAR STUD,* BARRONG?"

M. le Baron. "OH, I ZANK YOU, YES! I FIND 'EEM ON MY *CHEST OF TROWSERS!*"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"WILL *YOU* DANCE WITH ME, MISS LEDBITTER?"

"THANK YOU. BUT I AM NOT DANCING TO-NIGHT!"

"WELL, I *AM* UNLUCKY! I'VE POSITIVELY ASKED *EVERY LADY IN THE ROOM*, AND CAN'T GET A PARTNER OF ANY SORT OR DESCRIPTION!"

LOOKING AHEAD.

Miss Golightly (the Friend of the Family, and to whom Sir Percy (the elder) has proposed). "OF COURSE I'M AWFULLY OBLIGED, SIR PERCY—BUT, SAY NOW, DON'T YOU THINK THERE WOULD BE SOME DANGER OF MY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOUR ELDEST SON?"

HOSTS AND GUESTS.

Guest. "GOOD-BYE,—ENJOYED OURSELVES SO MUCH!"

Host. "SO SORRY YOU ARE GOING,—NOW, CAN'T WE PERSUADE YOU,—HOW THE TIME HAS FLOWN!—HOPE WE SHALL SOON SEE YOU AG—"

Coachman (confidentially). "WILL OI MAKE 'EM TOO LATE FOR THE THRAIN, SOR? I CAN ASY—"

His Master (in dumb show). "IF YOU DARE, SIR! DRIVE LIKE THE —!!"

"WELL OUT OF IT."

Uncle. "AND YOU LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, ETHEL?"

Ethel (promptly). "YETH, UNCLE."

Uncle. "AND WHO ARE YOUR ENEMIES, DEAR?"

Ethel (in an awful whisper). "THE DEV——"

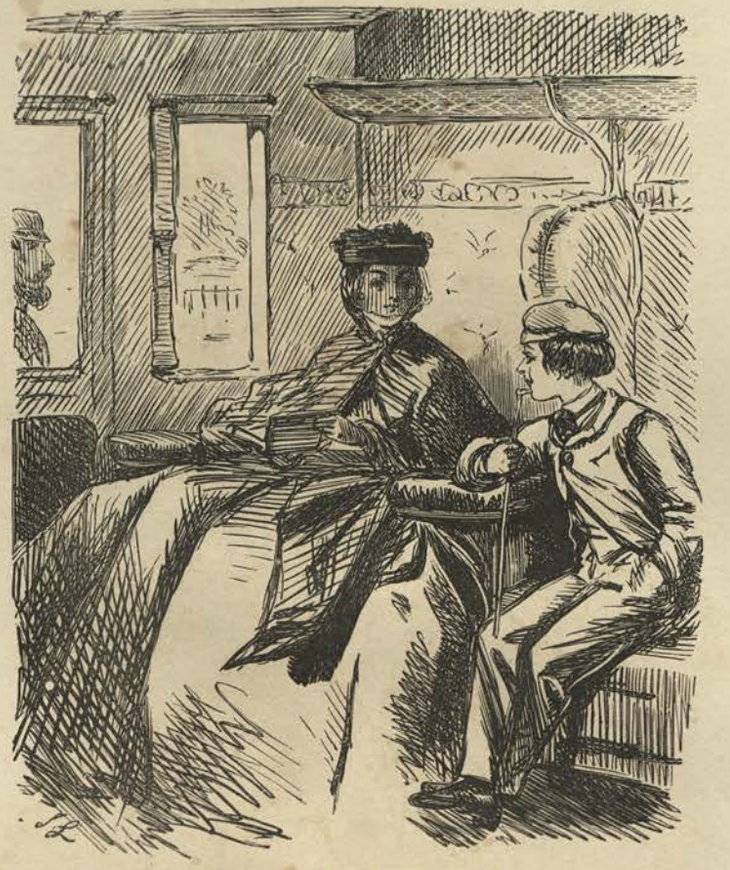
[The Old Gentleman doesn't see his way further, and drops the subject.

DIPLOMACY.

Nurse (to Professional Friend making a call). "'WELL, NUSS,' SEZ HE, 'IGH AND 'O.RTY LIKE, HE SEZ, 'WOT DO *YOU* THINK?' SEZ HE. 'DOCTOR,' I SEZ, QUITE DIFFERENSHIAL, I SEZ, 'I'M QUITE OF YOUR OPINION,' I SEZ. 'AND I'M OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING, NUSS,' SEZ HE. AND SO WE SETTLES IT."

Professional Friend (much interested). "LOR'! AND WHAT *WOS* HIS OPINION, NOW?"

Nurse. "BLESS YER 'ART, MY DEAR CREETUR, IN COURSE *HE NEVER HADN'T GIVEN NONE!*"



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME, THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"

ALL THERE.

Old Gent. "DO YOU KNOW WHAT A LIE IS, SIR?"
Little Boy. "OH, DON'T I, JEST; I TELLS LOTS OF 'EM."

VERY PARTICULAR.

Serious Lady. "I CANNOT POSITIVELY ALLOW YOU TO KEEP A CAT THAT *SWEARS*"

"THE LAST STRAW."

"TIRED OUT, ARE YOU? TRY A DROP OP BRANDY! EH!—WHAT!—CONFOUND— BY JINGO, I'VE FORGOTTEN MY FLASK!"

A VOLUNTEER COLUMN.

Formed by Dumb-Crambo Junior

A FATIGUE PARTY.

BATTERY ARRIVING AT HEAD QUARTERS.

MOUNTED INFANTRY

POST OFFICE RIFLES

ARMY SIGNALLING DEPARTMENT.

BRIGHT-ON DOWNS.

SINK PORTS

RIFLE CAW

COUNTER-MARCHING

DETRAINING.

A LINE OF OUTPOSTS.

FORMING COLUMNS.

CRUEL!

Snob. "'AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE?"

Swell Busman. "NO, THANKEE—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCER!"

LITTLE MEN

"BEEN TO THE PLAY MUCH THESE HOLIDAYS, FRED?"

"AW—I WENT THE OTHER NIGHT. BUT, AW—I DON'T KNOW—SOMEHOW, PANTOMIMES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME; AND AS FOR THE GURLS, THERE WASN'T A GOOD-LOOKING ONE IN THE HOUSE."

"AND SMILED TO SEE HIM MANGLE——"
Henry V., Act ii., Scene 4.

Petruchio. "WHY, 'TIS A COCKLE, OR A WALNUT SHELL,
A KNACK, A TOY, A TRICK, A BABY'S SAP;
AWAY WITH IT, COME LET ME HAVE A BIGGER."
Katharina. "I'LL HAVE NO BIGGER; THIS DOTH FIT THE TIME——"
Taming of the Shrew, Act iv., Scene 3.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in Standing Beans). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"

"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

Brigson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "AH, HA! KNOCKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS!"

Keeper. 'YES, SIR THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES!"

EGG-FLIPPANCY.

"CONFOUND IT, WAITER!—HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP EGGS?"

"TILL THEY'RE ATE, SOR!"

CUMULATIVE!

Tourist (on Scotch Steamer). "I SAY, STEWARD, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ANYBODY TO DRY THEIR HANDS ON THIS TOWEL? IT'S AS WET AS IF IT HAD BEEN DIPPED IN THE SEA!"

Steward. "AWEEL—DEPPED OR NO DEPPED, THERE'S A HUNDRED FOUK HAE USED THE TOOWL, AND YE'RE THE FURRST THAT'S GRUMMELT!"

MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

Robinson. "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."
Mrs. Brown. "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE PORT WINE? YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BEDROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.

RETALIATION.

Cabby. "WHA'S THIS FOR, LADY? WHICH MY FARE'S TWO SHILL——"

Old Lady (quite able to take care of herself). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, CABMAN. I KNOW THE DISTANCE —IT'S NOT THREE MILES BY TWO HUNDRED YARDS. PLEASE KNOCK AT THE——"

Cabby. "UGH! Y' 'ON'T HEV A DOUBLE KNOCK, I CAN TELL YER THAT!"

A SINE QUÂ NON.

Patient. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY MY COMPLAINT IS A *DANGEROUS* ONE?"

Doctor. "A *VERY* DANGEROUS ONE, MY DEAR FRIEND. STILL, PEOPLE *HAVE* BEEN KNOWN TO RECOVER FROM IT; SO YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP ALL HOPE. BUT RECOLLECT *ONE* THING: YOUR *ONLY* CHANCE IS TO KEEP IN A *CHEERFUL FRAME OF MIND*, AND AVOID ANYTHING LIKE *DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!*"

AN ABSENT AUDIENCE.

Socialist. "AH!—IT'S ALL VERY WELL YER ALL LOOKING AT *ME*, WITH YER SMILES AND YER JEERS . . . . ."

A COOL HAND.

Irrepressible Pupil. "POOR STUFF, SIR, THIS VIRGIL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

Suffering Coach (who can scarcely believe his ears). "POOR STUFF, SIR!!! VIRGIL—POOR STUFF! *WHAT DO YOU MEAN?*"

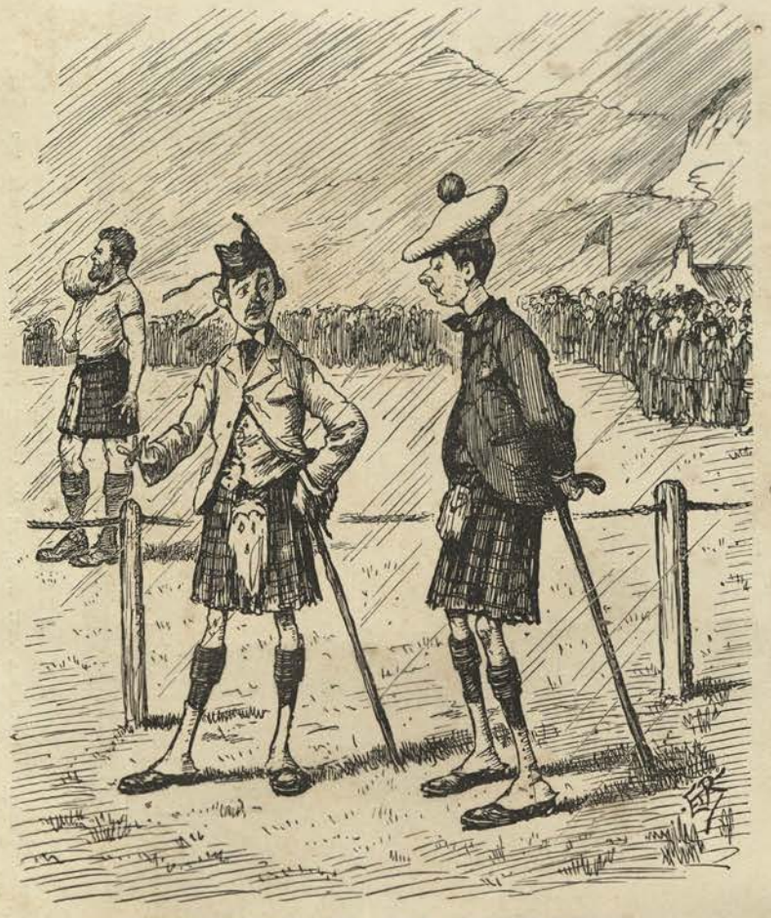
Irrepressible Pupil (unmoved). "SEEMS TO ME, SIR, IT'S MERELY A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF SOME OF THE BEST ENGLISH 'CRIBS!"

TOO BAD.

Experienced Sportsman (on Pony). "WELL—HAD GOOD SPORT FRED, OLD BOY?"

Inexperienced Fred. "NOT EXACTLY 'GOOD,'—BUT I THINK I'VE LET OFF ABOUT A HUNDRED CARTRIDGES."

Experienced Sportsman. "NOT SO BAD. S'POSE YOU MUST HAVE 'LET OFF' AN EQUAL NUMBER OF PARTRIDGES!"



OVERHEARD IN THE HIGHLANDS.

First Chieftain. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT A DOOSE OF A BORE THESE GAMES ARE!"

Second Chieftain. "AH, BUT, MY DEAR BOY, IT IS THIS SORT OF THING THAT HAS MADE US SCOTCHMEN *WHAT WE ARE!!*"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

The Squire. "WELL, MOULD, HOW ABOUT THAT HORSE I SOLD YOU? WAS HE QUIET ENOUGH?"

Undertaker. "WELL, SIR, HE *DID* GIVE US A LITTLE TROUBLE AT FIRST. WE PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE MOURNING COACHES, YOU KNOW; AND PARTIES DON'T LIKE TO BE SHOOK UP IN THEIR GRIEF. BUT WE'VE PUT HIM IN THE *'EARSE* NOW—AND WE HAV'NT 'EARD ANY COMPLAINTS SO FAR!"

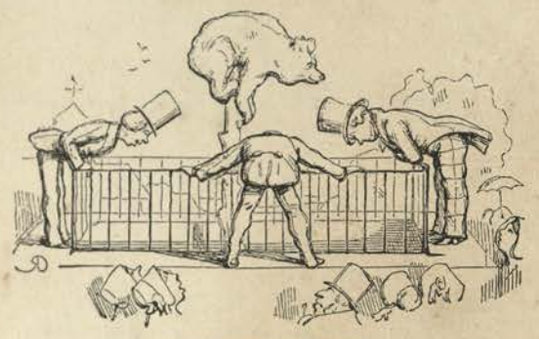
A SON OF ADAM.

Smart Boy. "HERE WE ARE, UNCLE! BUT WHAT DOES *'ONG N'AY PAS OBLEEGY DE CONSOMMY'* MEAN?"

Uncle. "IT MEANS ONE IS NOT OBLIGED TO TAKE ANYTHING IF ONE DOESN'T LIKE."

Smart Boy. "AH, WELL! LET US GO TO SOME CAFÉ WHERE ONE *IS 'OBLEEGY DE CONSOMMY!'*"

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON GO TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THEY INSPECT THE BEARS.

ROBINSON FEEDS THE WATER FOWL

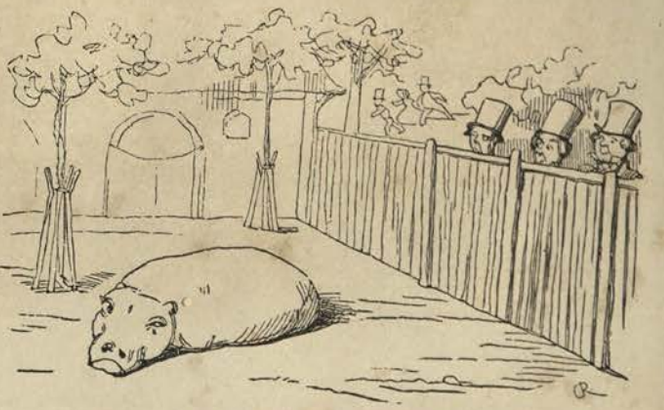
BROWN HAVING RASHLY STRAYED INTO A ROOM FULL OF MACAWS, WE SEE THE CONSEQUENCE

JONES VOLUNTEERS TO RIDE THE CAMEL, AND TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, HE DOES IT

IN A LONELY PATHWAY THEY SEE SOMETHING COMING.

THEY ARE PERSUADED TO MOUNT THE ELEPHANT.

THEY GO IN QUEST OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



THEY SEE THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas. "YES, I MUST LEAVE. YOU SEE, MARY, MY DEAR—THERE'S TOO MUCH RED IN THE LIVERY, AND THAT DON'T SUIT MY COMPLEXION—NEVER DID!"

THE ARTISTIC(!) STUDIO.

(A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.)

"*Love, Pride, Revenge.*"—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!

VERY LIKELY.

Excited Juvenile. "OH, UNCLE DEAR, DO DANCE WITH ME—IT'S ONLY A GALOP!"

STERN NECESSITY.

"WHAT A LOT OF SHOOTING YOU HAVE THIS YEAR, OLD FELLOW! MUST COST YOU NO END!"
"AH! THOSE *DOGS*, YOU KNOW. I WAS OBLIGED TO TAKE SOMETHING *FOR THEM!*"

YOUNG RASCAL.

Affectionate Nephew (going back to School after the Holidays, and Bonneting the Old Gentleman as a parting salute). "TOUCH YER LAST, UNCLE!!"

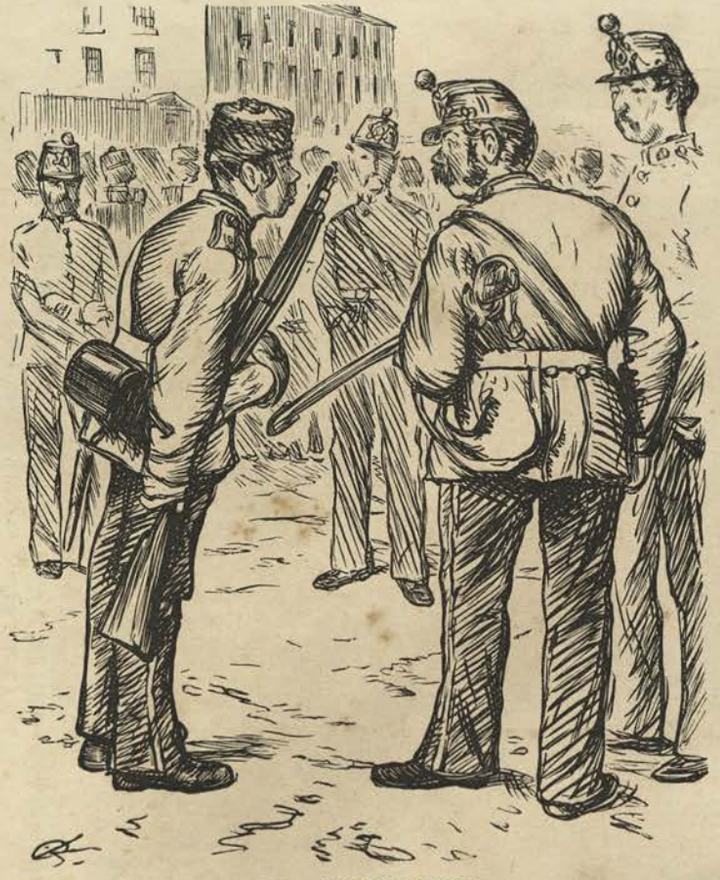
A WARNING TO LAWSONITES.

First Scotch Boatman. "WEEL, GEORDIE, HOO GOT YE ON THE DAY?"

Second Ditto (drouthy, he had been out with a Free Kirk Minister, a strict abstainer). "NAE AVA. THE AULD CARLE HAD NAE WHUSKEY, SAE I TOOK HIM WHAUR THERE WAS NAE FUSH!"

"NONE O' YOUR LARKS."

Gigantic Navvy. "LET'S WALK BETWEEN YER, GENTS; FOLKS 'LL THINK YOU'VE TOOK UP A DESERTER."



OUR RESERVES.

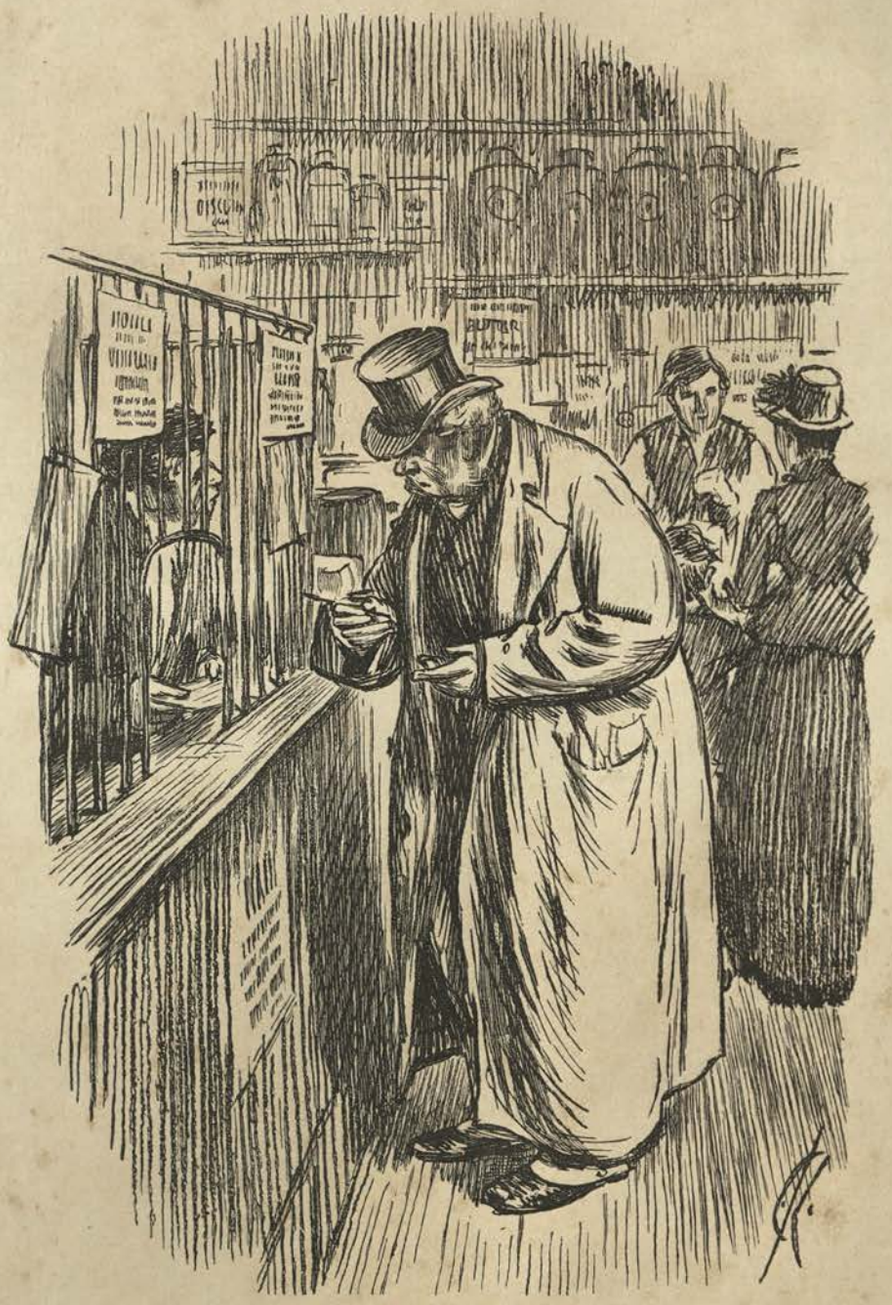
Militiaman (he had been "catching it" from his Officer for shirking Drill, &c.). "WELL, LOOKY' 'ERE THE NEXT TIME YOU WANTS A 'A'PENNY BLOATER OFF O' MY BARRER, 'BLESSED IF YOU SHALL 'EV IT!—THERE!!"

HINT TO GENTLEMEN RIDING HOME AFTER DINNER.

NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2D. A BOX, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET.

CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERS WHY THE DOOCE THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.



SURPLUSAGE.

Telegraph Clerk (reading over telegram). "'TO MRS. GRABBET, MARGATE.—HEAR—WITH—GRIEF—DEATH—OF—AUNT—JUDITH—WILL—IN—OUR—FAVOUR.' TWO WORDS TOO MANY, SIR."

Mr. G. "EH? OH—EH?—UM—UM! OH, WELL, LOOK HERE!—CUT OUT 'WITH GRIEF'"!

NOT UNNATURAL.

Rustic (to dismounted Horsey Equestrienne, who is on the Runaway's trail, in hope of his having been stopped). "BE THIS YOURN, MEASTER?"

"FEATHERS OR FUR?"

"WHAT 'VE YOU GOT?" "COCK PHEASANT!" "NONSENSE, MAN! IT'S A RABBIT"
"WELL, P'R'APS IT IS—ANYHOW I KNOO *I'D 'IT SOMETHING!*"

HIS BEST "SOOT."

Short-tempered Gentleman in Black (after violent collision with a Stonemason fresh from work). "NOW, I'LL ARSK YOU JEST TO LOOK AT THE NARSTY BEASTLY MESS AS YOU'VE GONE AND MIDE ME IN! WHY, I'M SIMPLY SMOTHERED IN SOME 'ORRID WHITE STUFF!! WHY DON'T YER BE MORE CAREFUL!!!"

CONTAMINATION.

"I SAY, JIM, JIST LOOK IF A SMUT HAIN'T BIN AND SETTLED ON MY NOSE."

"YES! A NASTY LITTLE SPECK O' WHITE PLASTER FROM THAT 'ERE SCAFFOLDING."

"UGH! JIST BLOW IT HORF, WILL YER?"

CHRONOLOGY.

Old Gentleman ("putting a few questions"). "NOW, BOYS—AH—CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME WHAT COMMANDMENT ADAM BROKE WHEN HE TOOK THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT?"

Small Scholar ("like a shot"). "PLEASE, SIR, TH'WORN'T NO COMMANDMENTS THEN, SIR!" *[Questioner sits corrected.*

AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENNIES FOR A PENNY, AND GI' ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME? AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S *'TIZER.*"!!!

His Reverence. "DINNER, 7·30. I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S GRACE!"

His Irreverence. "THEN COMMENCE AT 7·30, AND I'LL BE THERE AT 7·45!"

FLIPPANT.

METAMORPHOSIS.

(" *We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.*")

Conductor. "TAKE YER TO THE CIRCUS, AND THERE YOU'LL CHANGE INTO A HELEPHANT."

Master Kenneth. "OH, MOTHER, WHAT A JOLLY CIRCUS! MAY WE GO AND SEE THE OLD GENTLEMAN CHANGE INTO AN ELEPHANT?"

"A—A—BOY! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BIRDS ABOUT HERE THIS MORNING?"

"EES, ZUR! I SEED A LOT OF 'EM ABOUT 'ARF AN HOUR BACK, A SITTIN' ON THE TELEGRAPH WOIRES!"

A STRAIGHT TIP.

A POSER.

"TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY, ISN'T IT, MAMMA?"

"MAYN'T I PLAY WITH THE CARDS AND BUILD CASTLES WITH THEM?"

"BUT, MAMMA, MIGHTN'T I PLAY WITH THE *PRAYER-BOOKS*, YOU KNOW, IF I BUILT A *CHURCH* WITH THEM?"

"YES, DEAR."

"CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR!"

"COALS!"

Merchant (paying wages). "I DON'T SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH YOU, CHARLES, IN OUR BUSINESS; YOU'RE SO STUPID! YOU DON'T SEEM TO LEARN ANYTHING."

Charles (Coal-deliverer). "I DUNNO. THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNT ANY'OW—AS SIXTEEN 'UND'DWEIGHT O' COALS MAKES A TON!" *[His services are retained!*

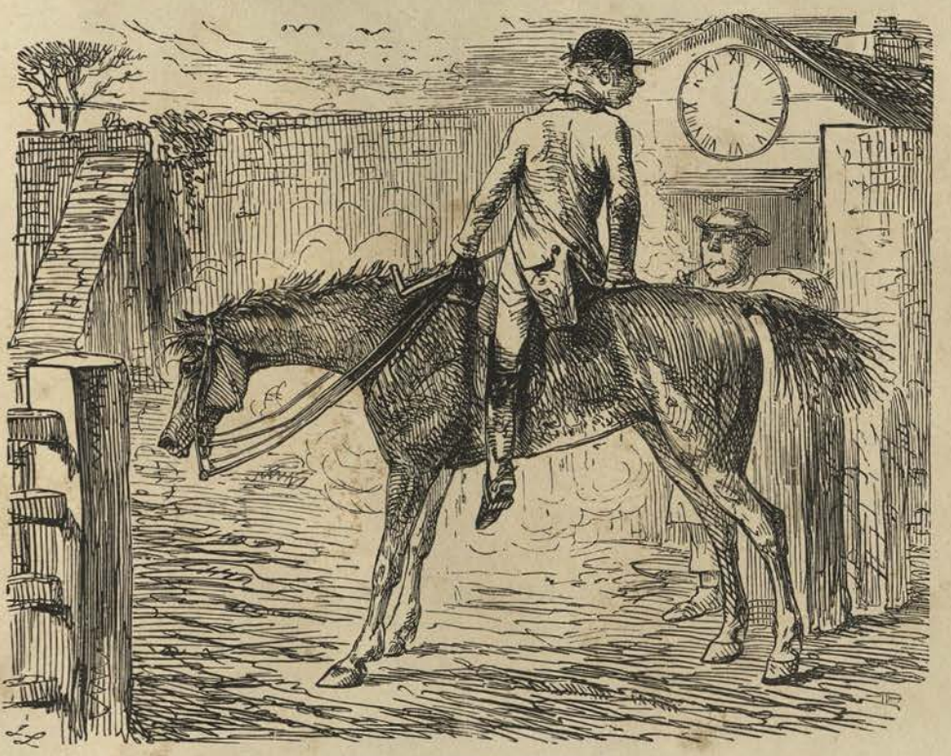
A SELL.

(*Enter* SPORTING YOUTH, *who has lost the hounds.*)

Youth. "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PIKEY?"

Pikey. "E-AS, A HAVE—TUPPENSE!" [*Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.*

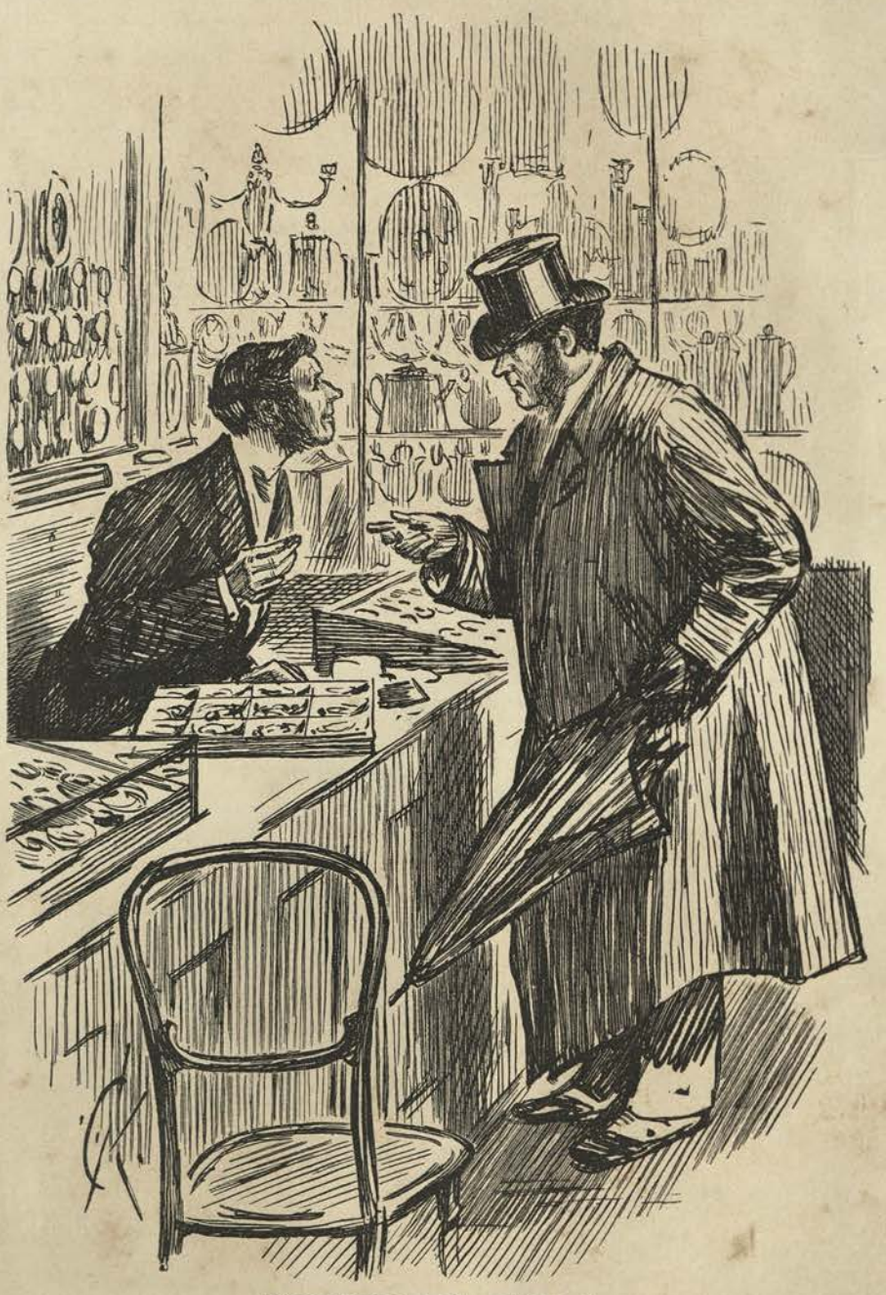
A lapse of Twenty Minutes is supposed to have taken place, when



(*Re-enter* SPORTING YOUTH.)

Youth (in a high state of excitement). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE?"

Pikey. "E-AS, SO A DID; SEED 'EM YESTERDAY!"



"DECEIVERS EVER."

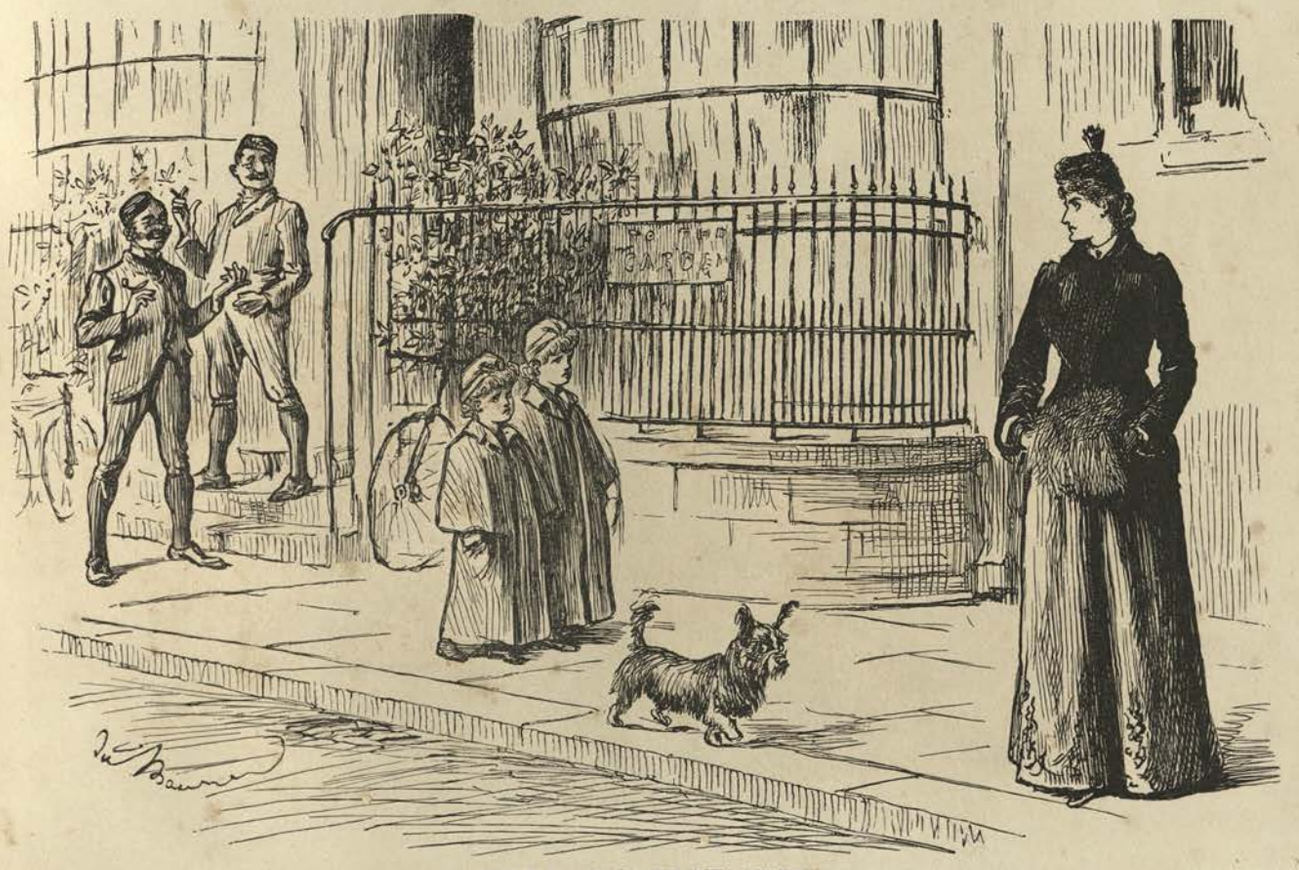
Goldsmith. "WOULD YOU LIKE ANY NAME OR MOTTO ENGRAVED ON IT, SIR?"

Customer (who had chosen an Engagement Ring). "YE—YES—UM—'AUGUSTUS TO IRENE.' AND—AH—LOO' HERE—DON'T—AH—CUT 'IRENE' VERY DEEP!!"

A DIFFICULT CASE.

Mamma. "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY, AND I SHALL HAVE TO BUY A WHIP, AND GIVE YOU A GOOD WHIPPING. *NOW*, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

Tommy (with hesitation). "SHALL I BE ALLOWED TO KEEP THE WHIP AFTER, MAMMY?"



BANK HOLIDAY WIT.

Mamma. "COME ALONG, DARLINGS!"

'Arry. "ALL RIGHT, MISS! JUST WAIT TILL WE'VE 'AD A DRINK!"

LATEST FROM DUNDEE.

(Where, readers will be happy to know, the Maids' Rebellion has revived in great force.)

Mistress. "I DID NOT RING, MARY"

Mary. "I KNOW THAT, MUM; BUT AS I WAS MOPING IN THE KITCHEN, I THOUGHT I'D COME AND SIT A BIT WITH YOU!"

A PLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER SAID I WAS TO LET YOU KNOW DINNER'S WAITING."

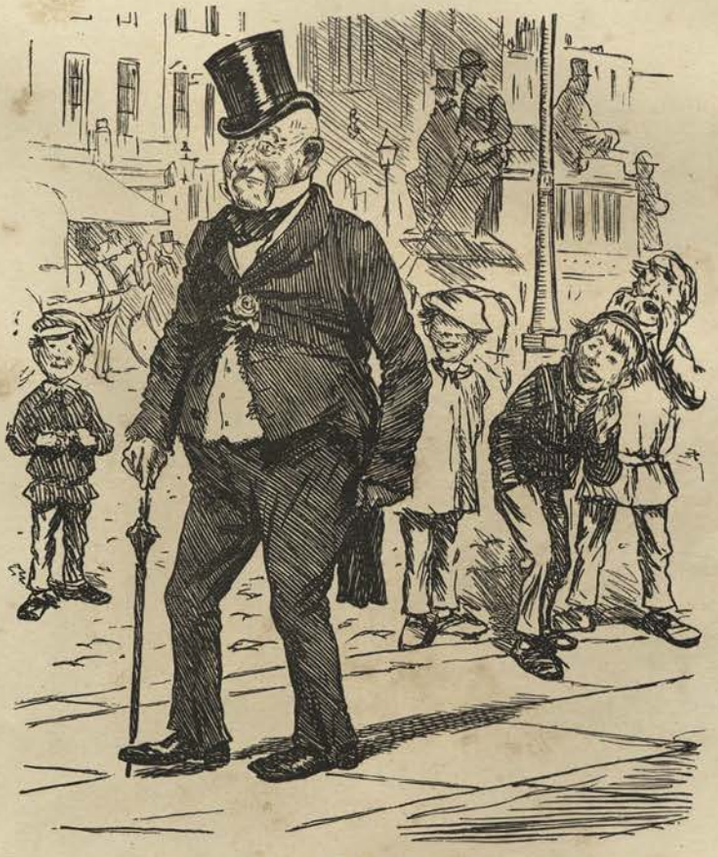
Tomkins. "YES—BUT JAMES, LOOK HERE! THESE CAN'T BE MY TROWSERS, YOU KNOW!"

James. "NO, SIR! WHY, SIR, THOSE WILL BELONG TO OLD MR. SHORT-SHANKS, WHO WENT AWAY THIS MORNING; AND, DEPEND UPON IT, HE'S TAKEN YOURS INSTEAD."

[Poor Tomkins, who is visiting in a strange house, and is wretchedly shy, bursts into a cold perspiration.

"A SELL."

Street Boy (who is no friend to Punch and Judy Shows). "OH, S' PLEASE S' AIN'T A COVE JUST A LARRUPPIN' HIS WIFE UP THE COURT NEITHER!"



RUDE INQUIRY.

Street Arabs. "HOO CURLS YER 'AIR, GOV'NOUR?"

MECHANICS IN SPORT.

STEAM EJECTOR AND SPINNING APPARATUS FOR JACK AND CHUB FISHING

A CHECK.

Huntsman. "SEEN THE FOX, MY BOY?"
Huntsman. "THEN, WHAT ARE YOU HOLLARIN' FOR?"

Boy. "NO, I AIN'T!"
Boy (who has been scaring Rooks). "'COS I'M PAID FOR IT!"

GALLANTRY REWARDED.

Lady (having had a fall at a Brook, and come out the wrong side,—to Stranger, who has caught her Horse). "OH, I'M *SO* MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU! NOW, DO YOU MIND JUST BRINGING HIM OVER?"

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Whip. "*WISDOM!* GET AWAY THERE!! *WISDOM!!* *WISDOM!!!* UGH!—YOU ALWAYS WERE THE BIGGEST FOOL IN THE PACK!"

KIND ENQUIRIES.

Dutiful Daughter. "WELL, PAPA, DEAR. HOW ARE YOUR POOR F——I—I MEAN, IS YOUR GOUT A LITTLE LESS TROUBLESOME THIS MORNING, DEAR PAPA?"

A MORNING CONCERT.

Wife. "GEORGE! GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT IN CHURCH!"

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!"

Old Lady. "MARY, DEAR, WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING SEATS WITH POOR FLUFF? HE LIKES HAVING THE AIR IN HIS FACE!"

"IN EXTREMIS."

Pat. "DO YE BUY RAGS AND BONES HERE?" *Merchant.* "WE DO, SURR." *Pat.* "THIN, BE JABERS! PUT ME ON THE SCHKALES!!"

EASY FOR THE JUDGES.

Geoffrey (to rejected Candidate for honours at the Dog Show). "NEVER MIND, SMUT! WE'LL HAVE A DOG SHOW THAT SHALL BE ALL CATS EXCEPT YOU, AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE IT ALL YOUR OWN WAY!"

EGOISM.

"COME HERE, DORA! I WANTS YOU!"

"THANK YOU, ERIC; BUT I WANTS MYSELF!"

EXCLUSION.

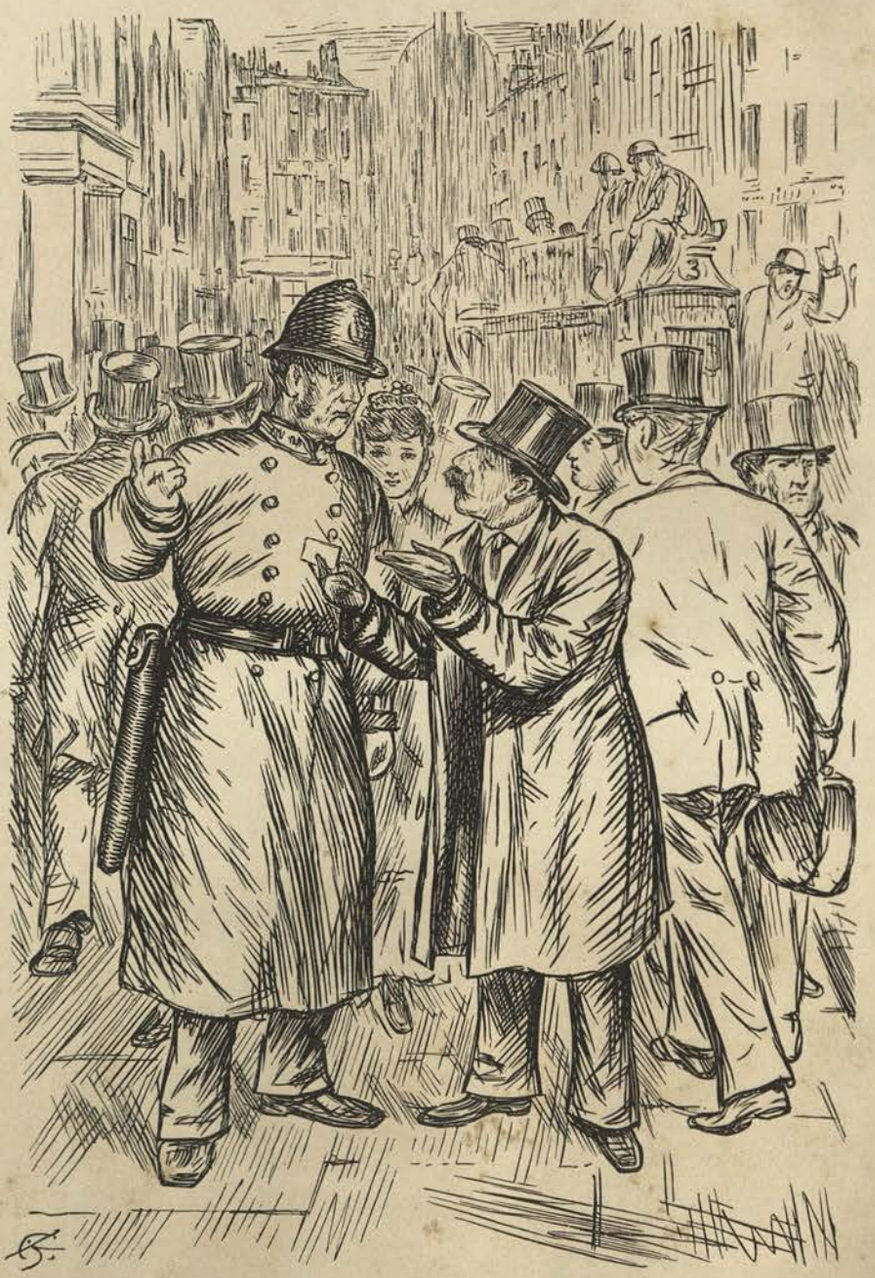
Policeman (at the Law Courts). "STRICT ORDERS TO-DAY, M'M. NO ONE TO BE ADMITTED UNLESS THEY'RE IN W:G AN'—THAT IS—BEG PARDON, M'M—BARRISTERS, M'M—ONLY BARRISTERS!"

"POOR SWEEPAR, SIR!"

Benevolent Stroller (feeling in his pockets). "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T A PENNY—"

Reduced Party (wistfully). "I DID NOT SPECIFY THE COIN, SAR!"

[It came to Sixpence!



THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

Little Frenchman. "MONSIEUR, VOULEZ-VOUS M'INDIQUER LA ROUTE—AH, PARDÔN—VERE EES EERONGMONGJAYLARNAY!!?"

Policeman. "UGH?"

Frenchman. "EERONGMONGJ—AH, PARDON—ERE EES THE CARD."

Policeman (reads). "OH, IRONMONGER LANE—THIRD TURNIN' TO THE LEFT—*(sotto voce)*—WHY DIDN'T YER SAY SO?"

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE DINING ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"

SHOPPING.

Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN!"

A QUIET SMOKE.

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERIOR ANIMALS.")

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Superior Creature. "SAY! OH, SAY DEAREST! WILL YOU BE MINE?" &c., &c.

A POSER.

Old Gentleman. "BEFORE I CAN ENTERTAIN YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE MY CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING MY SON, I MUST ASK YOU WHETHER YOU ARE IN A POSITION—A—TO—A—KEEP HIM IN THE STYLE TO WHICH—A—I MAY SAY—HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED? AHEM!"

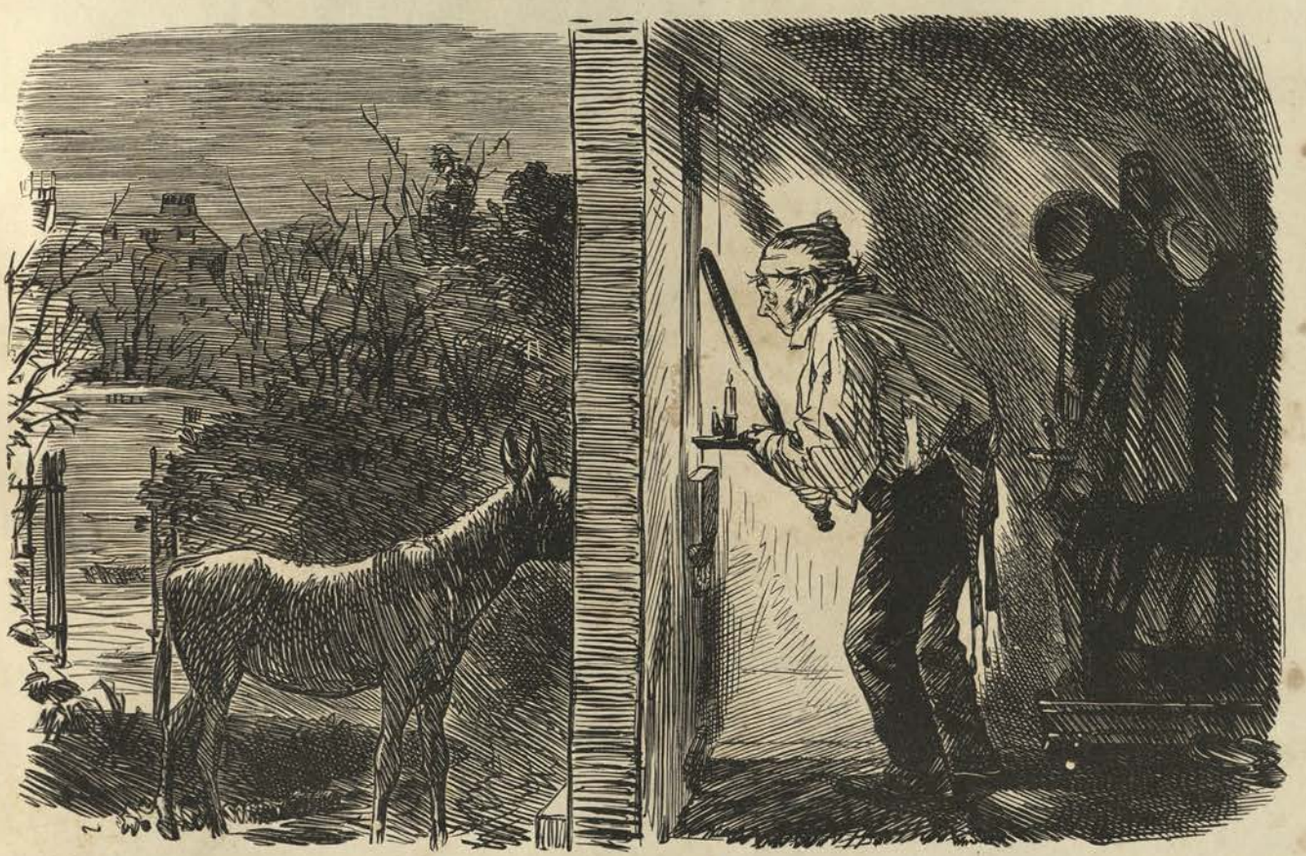
THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

EFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."

OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!

MR. BOBKINS BAITS HIS TRIMMERS OVER-NIGHT WITH SOME FINE LIVELY FROGS, AND FINDS IN THE MORNING THAT THEY OBJECT TO BECOME FOOD FOR FISHES.



BURGLARS!

"YES, THERE ARE TWO OF 'EM, IF NOT THREE, BY THE FOOTSTEPS, AND ONE OF 'EM IS BLOWING INTO THE KEYHOLE NOW."

"BON VOYAGE!"

Mossu (shot into a nice soft loam) exultingly. "A—HA—A! I AM SAFE O-VÈRE! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN, MEESTER TIMBRE JOMPRE! COME ON, SARE!"

FLATTERING!

First Rustic. "'STR'OR'NARY WAY O' GETTIN' YER LIVIN'! AIN'T IT, JOE?"

Second Ditto. "AYE, THAT 'T BE, WILLIAM. *CRIPPLES* O' SOME SORT MOST ON 'EM, YOU MAY DEPEND!"

THE TROUBLES OF STALKING!!

Irate Gillie (on discovering in the distance, for the third time that morning, a "Brute of a Man" moving about in his favourite bit of "Forest"). "OH! DE'IL TAKE THE PEOPLE! COME AWA', MUSTER BROWN, SIR; *IT'S JUST PEEKADILLY!!!*"

THE WILD WILD EAST.

First Coster "SAY, BILL, 'OW D'YER LIKE MY NEW KICKSEYS? GOOD FIT, EH?"

Second Coster. "FIT! THEY AIN'T NO *FIT*. THEY'RE A *HAPERPLICTICK STROKE!*"

"A HIT! A PALPABLE HIT!"

"OH, *I* BEG YOUR PARDON! I DID NOT SEE YOU, SIR!"
"SEE ME! CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU CAN SEE *THROUGH* ME NOW!"

A READY EXCUSE.

Master (to Man-servant, acting in the capacity of Groom and Gardener, and who has instructions to exercise Riding-Horse regularly). "JOHN, HAVE YOU BEEN EXERCISING 'SPRIGHTLY' REGULARLY THIS WEEK?—SHE SEEMED PARTICULARLY FRESH TO-DAY!"

John. "WEEL, YE SEE, SIR, THE FACT IS, WHEN THE WEATHER'S FINE I DINNA HAE TIME TO GO OUT, AND IF IT'S WEET THERE'S NAE PLEASURE IN RIDING."

"THERE'S A DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE," ETC.

Juvenile "Scold." "YER NASTY LITTLE THING! IF YER FATHER WASN'T A P'LICEMAN, I'D SMACK YER!"

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Teacher. "JESSIE BROWN, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE?"

Jessie. "WHICH YOU HAVE, MISS. BUT, LOR! I'VE HAD *SUCH* A JOB WITH MY 'AIR!"

THE NEW BUTLER.

"AND ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"

"NO, SIR. THE LITTLE I EVER DO IN THAT LINE IS WITH THE HANABAPTISTS."

A PUZZLER.

Hairdresser (mechanically). "MUCH OFF, SIR?"

Customer. "DON'T OVERDO IT—DON'T OVERDO IT!!" [*Goes to sleep.*

QUANTUM SUFF.

Master Tom. "O, PA, MA SAYS YOU HAVEN'T LEFT ANY MONEY FOR THE COALS AND MY NEW BOOTS."

Excursionist. "HM—WELL, HERE'S *HALF A SOVEREIGN!*"

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Sarah Jane to Betsy Ann. "OH, YES! IF IT COMES TO THAT, YOU KNOW PEOPLE CAN STICK OUT AS MUCH AS OTHER PEOPLE—I ALWAYS WEARS ONE O' MOTHER'S OLD CLOTHES BASKETS."

A REBUKE.

Host. "FISH IS VERY EXPENSIVE, JUST NOW, I CAN TELL YOU. THIS SALMON COST ME TWO AND SIXPENCE A POUND!"

Guest (no Business of his). "AH, IT'S VERY GOOD, I THINK I'LL TAKE ANOTHER EIGHTEEN PENN'ORTH!"

TRANSPOSITION.

Irish Sergeant. "MARK TIME! CHANGE YOUR STIP, THAT MAN!"

Sergeant. "SILENCE!—AN' FALL OUT AT ONCET AN' CHANGE YOUR FEET!"

Recruit. "IF YE PLAZE, SURR—"

HUNTING HINTS.

PUT ON PLENTY OF PACE WHEN RIDING AT WATER—AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET OVER—SOMEHOW.

NEARLY CAUGHT.

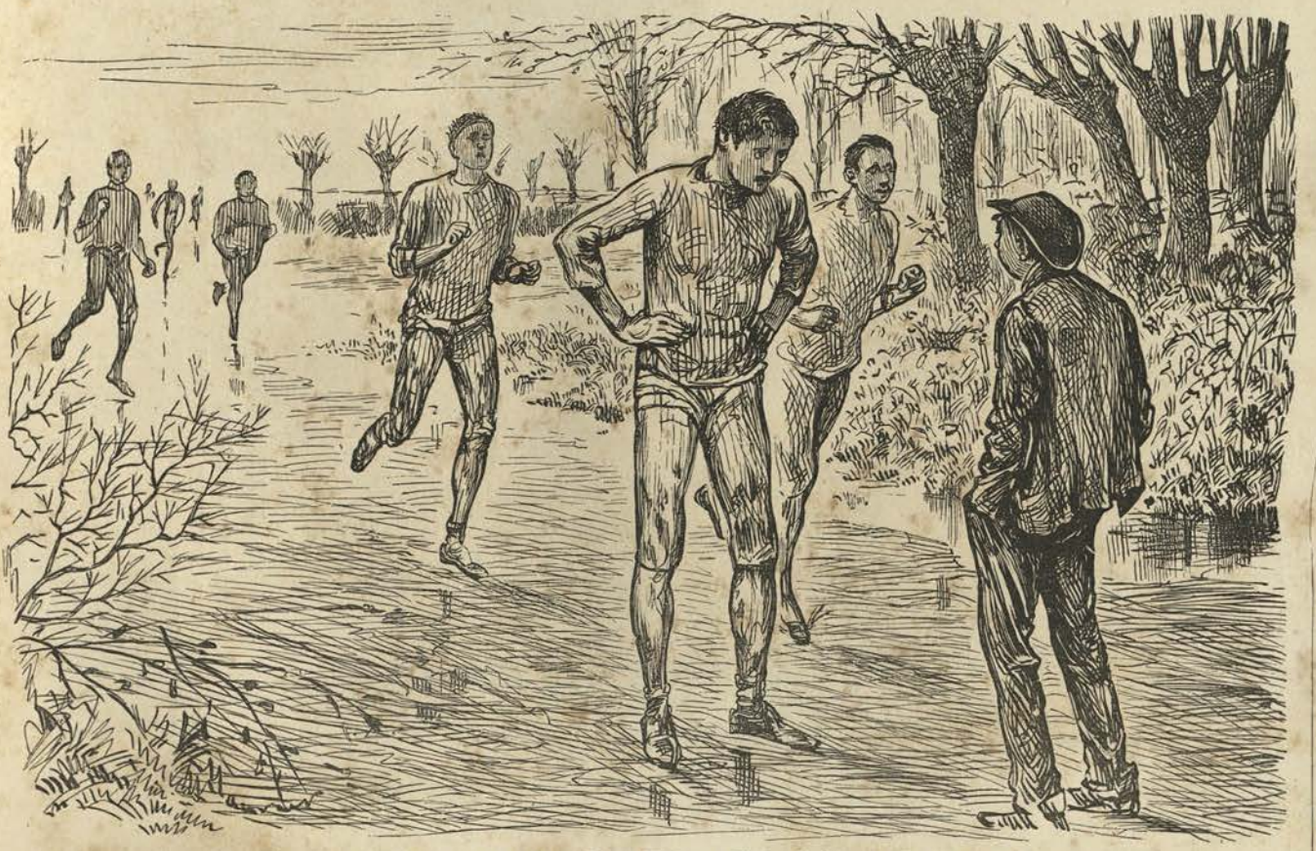
Mrs. Gusher. "OH, GOOD-BYE, SIR JOHN. SO SORRY NOT TO HAVE FOUND YOUR MOST *CHARMING* WIFE AT HOME."

Sir John. "THANKS—THANKS! BY THE WAY, LET ME ASSURE YOU I'VE ONLY GOT *ONE*,—AND——"

[*Thinks that the remainder of the sentence is "better understood than expressed."*

NOT A BAD IDEA.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, MARK, BUT I CAN'T HIT A BIRD TO-DAY!"
"LET'S SEE YOUR GUN, SIR. AH!—WELL, I'D TRY WHAT YOU COULD DO *WITH SOME CARTRIDGES IN IT*, IF I WAS YOU, SIR!"



HARE AND HOUNDS—AND DONKEY.

"SEEN TWO MEN WITH BAGS OF PAPER PASS THIS WAY?"—"NO!" "DID THEY TELL YOU TO SAY NO?"—"YES!"

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Captured Pickpocket (as his Lordship's Carriage passes). "SORRY I CAN'T BE AT THE 'FEED,' YER VORSHIP. BUT P'RAPS YER VORSHIP VILL VAIT ON ME AT THE MANSION-'OUSE ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK TO-MORROW MORNIN'!"

PRECOCITY.

Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL BE SMOKING ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"

SCENE—COMMERCIAL ROOM.

Incipient Commercial to Crusty Old Traveller. "YOU'RE ALWAYS IN THE FASHION, I SEE. LAST TIME I HAD THE PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU, MAUVE WAS THE PREVAILING COLOUR, AND YOUR NOSE WAS MAUVE. NOW MAGENTA IS ALL THE GO, AND IT'S CHANGED TO MAGENTA."

BLIND WITH RAGE.

Huntsman (riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow). "* * * * * * —YOU GREAT FOOL, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU STAND POINTING THERE FOR?—WHY DON'T YOU HOLLER OUT WHICH WAY THE FOX BE GONE? BLOWED IF I DON'T CUT YOU INTO BITS!"

NATURE AND ART.

A.R.A. "BY GEORGE, THIS VIEW'S MAGNIFICENT! I SAY, FLUFFER, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE THOSE WOODS PAINTED."

Mr. Fluffer (late in the Upholstery line, retired). "'M—M. DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD IMPROVE 'EM? WHAT COLOUR, NOW?"

"NOW GO TO SCHOOL, AND BE A GOOD BOY. AND MIND YOU DON'T USE ANY RUDE WORDS!"

"RUDE WORDS! *TELL* ME A FEW, MUMMY, AND THEN I SHALL *KNOW*, YOU KNOW!"

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

A GRACELESS CHILD.

Uncle George. "'FOR ALL THAT WE'RE GOING TO RECEIVE,'" &c.
Tiny Tim. "NOW, READ *YOUR* PLATE, AUNT MARY, AND SEE WHAT *THAT* SAYS!"

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED."

The Incorrigible Street Boy. "O, MY EYE! 'ERE'S A 'ELMET! AND THERE'S A LITTLE COVE UNDERNEATH; I CAN JUST SEE HIS LEGS!!"

[*Short Grenadier has need of all his Self-Possession.*

STERN PULPIT-CRITICS.

First Scot. "FAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOTTEN, GEORDIE?"

Second Ditto. "OH, WEEL, HE'S NO MUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GLINT O' HIM. SAX DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVEES'BLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S ENCOMPREHENS'BLE!!"

OUR HEROES AT HOME.

"AND OH, BY THE BYE. MY SON TELLS ME YOU DON'T MAKE HIS *SHIRT-COLLARS* STIFF ENOUGH. HE'S IN THE GUARDS, YOU KNOW, AND THEY GO IN FOR BEING VERY PARTICULAR!"

"WELL, MA'AM, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'VE GOT A SON IN THE GUARDS *MYSELF*, AND I ALLERS WASHES FOR 'IM WHEN HE COMES 'OME, AND *HE* DON'T MAKE NO COMPLAINTS!"

"SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND!"

Young Spoonbill. "AH. MY DEAREST MISS SHILLINWORTH, IF I MAY—I HAVE LONG WISHED FOR THIS SWEET OPPORTUNITY, BUT I HARDLY DARE TRUST MYSELF NOW TO SPEAK THE DEEP EMOTION—BUT, 'N SHORT, I LOVE YOU!—AND—YOUR—YOUR SMILE WOULD SHED—WOULD SHED—WOULD—"

Miss S. "OH, NEVER MIND THE WOOD-SHED! HOW'S YOUR AUNT'S MONEY INVESTED? AND WHERE ARE THE SECURITIES DEPOSITED?!!"

A LUCID INTERVAL.

(Things one would rather have expressed differently.)

Doctor. "HOW IS THE PATIENT THIS MORNING?"

Nurse. "WELL—HE HAS BEEN WANDERING A GOOD DEAL IN HIS MIND. EARLY THIS MORNING I HEARD HIM SAY, 'WHAT AN OLD WOMAN THAT DOCTOR IS!'—AND I THINK THAT WAS ABOUT THE LAST REALLY *RATIONAL* REMARK HE MADE."

A RARA AVIS.

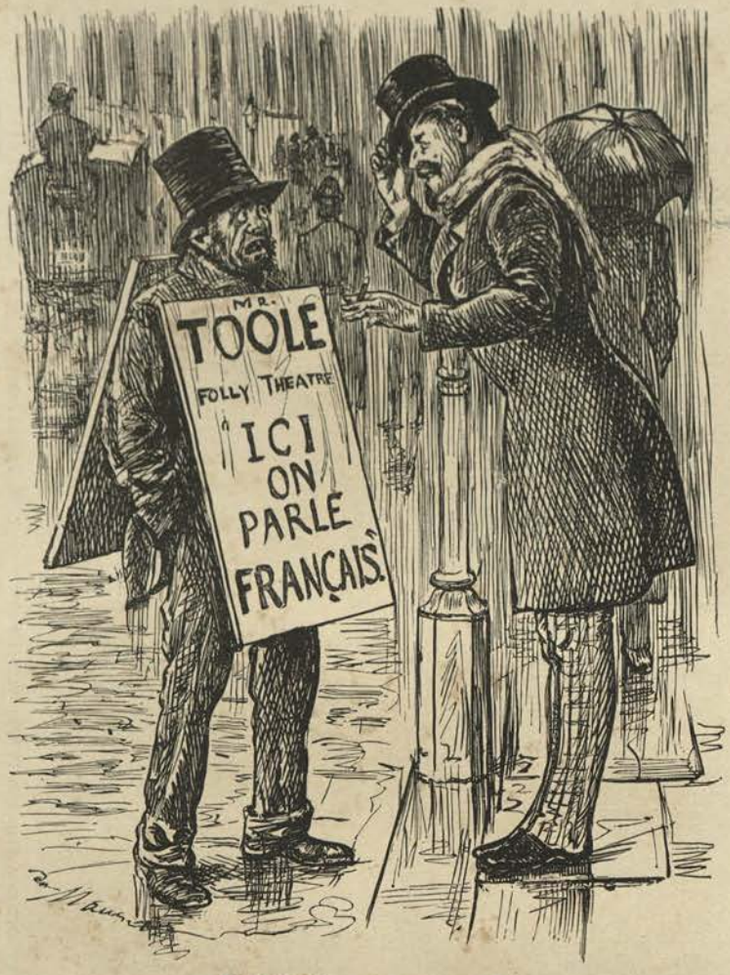
*("Pheasant-shooting in some districts will suffer through lack of birds. The wet weather has been fatal to the young broods."—*SHOOTING REPORTS.)

Head Keeper (on the First). "WERRY SORRY, MY LORD, BUT THIS 'ERE'S TH' ON'Y ONE AS WE'VE MANISHT TO RARE. WILL I PUT IT UP FOR YOUR LORDSHIP?"

AT A MEET.

He. "YES; HE IS A FINE OLD BEAST; BUT—I THINK I MUST PART WITH HIM."

She. "WHAT! ALL AT ONCE, WHOLESALE? WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO SELL HIM RETAIL ON LITTLE SKEWERS?"



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Puzzled Frenchman. *(Aside.)* "HA! UN INTERPRÈTE AMBULANT!! QUELLE BONNE IDÉE! *(To Sandwich-Man.)* PARDON, MONSIEUR TÔLE, MAIS PAR OÙ FAUT-IL PRENDRE, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT, POUR ARRIVER AU MUSÉE DE SOUTTE QUINZINQUETON?"

A HINT.

"OH, MAMMA, DID YOU SEE THOSE PRETTY FLOWERS IN THAT CONSERVATORY? I WISH YOU'D BUY ME ONE!"

"IT WOULD FADE BEFORE YOU GOT HOME, DARLING."

"WOULD IT? NOW, *BUNS* DON'T FADE, MAMMA!"

A SCENE AT THE "LUCULLUS."

Mrs. Blunderby. "NOW, MY DEAR MONTY, LET ME ORDER THE LUNCHEON AR-LA-FRAINGSY, GASSONG! I WISH TO BEGIN—AS WE ALWAYS DO IN PARIS, MY DEARS—WITH SOME *CHEF-D'ŒUVRES*—YOU UNDERSTAND—SOME *CHEF-D'ŒUVRES.*"

[*Emile, the Waiter, is in despair. It occurs to him, however, presently, that the Lady probably means "Hors d'œuvres," and acts accordingly.*

BALANCE OF PROBABILITIES.

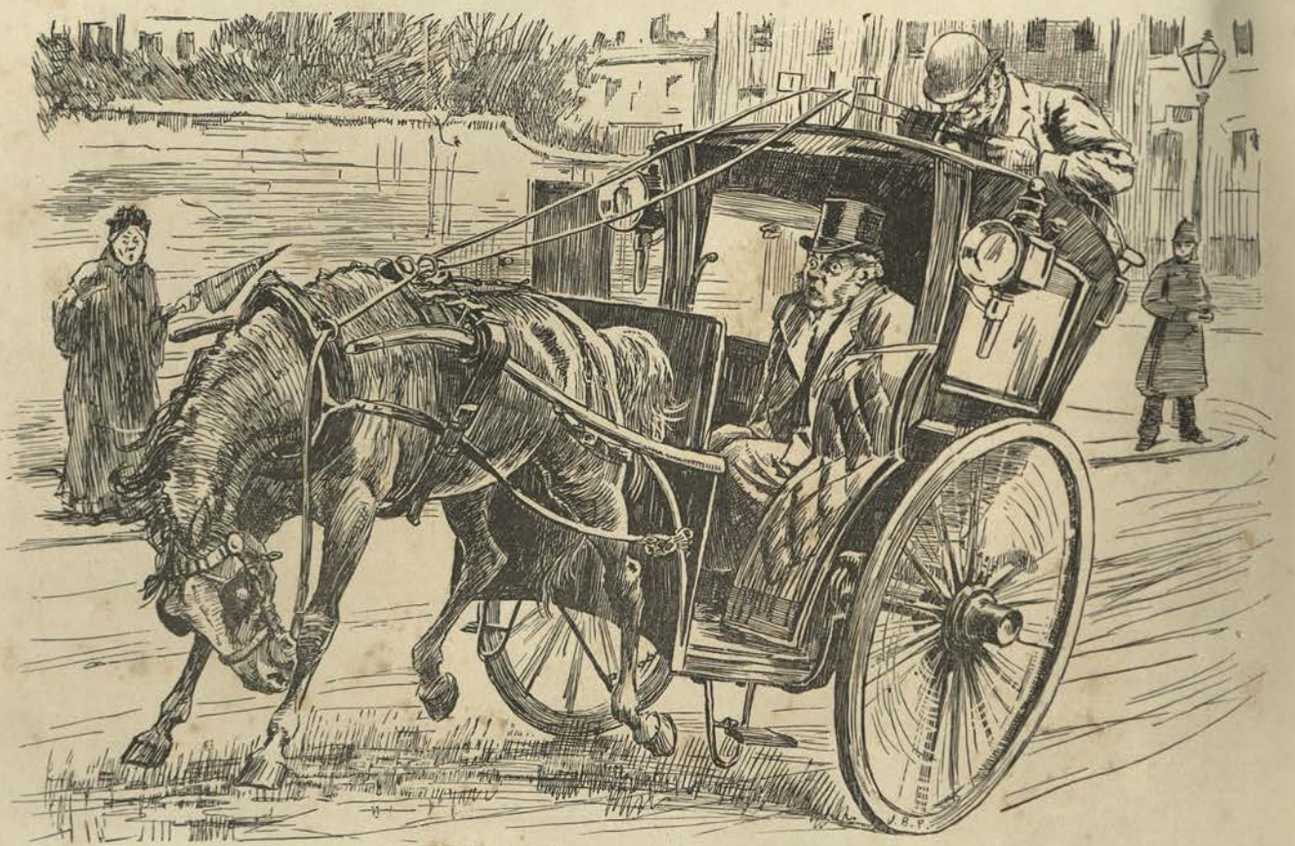
High Church Lady "I SUPPOSE THAT WAS THE LADY CHAPEL BEHIND THE CHOIR?"

Low Church Verger. "I DON'T FANCY THERE'S HANY SUCH NAME 'EREABOUTS, M'M. I THINK IT WAS ONLY THE PEW-OPENER!"

"LUXURY."

(According to the Latest Edition of "Knight Thoughts.")

Alderman (to his Guest, after a good dinner). "'ELP Y'SHELF! RECOLLEC' EVERY BO'LE O' CHAMPAGNE WE DRINK, PROVI'SH EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WORKIN' CLASSHESH!!"



A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

(It is rumoured that some of Buffalo Bill's Broncos have been bought by the Cab Proprietors of London.)

Cabby. "SIT STILL, SIR! THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WOT 'E *CAN* DO. YOU'LL SEE 'IM TURN 'EAD OVER 'EELS PRESENTLY!"

A MIDLAN' JOKE—VERY!

Passenger. "WHAT DOES 'M. R.' MEAN, THAT'S PAINTED ON ALL THE CARRIAGES ABOUT HERE?"
Rural Wag. "MARKET 'ARBRO', 'DES-SAY, SIR. 'STATION OR TWO FURTHER ON!"

"ON THE ALERT."

Parson (catechising). "AND WHAT IS YOUR DUTY TOWARDS YOUR NEIGHBOUR?"

Sharp Boy. "TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON 'IM, SIR!"

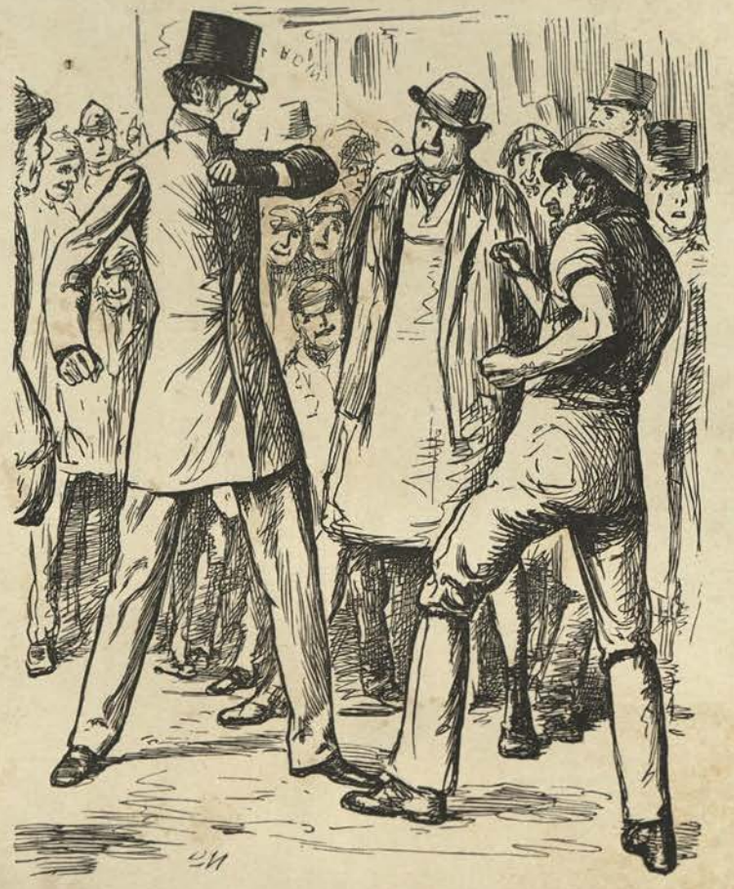
THE TIME-HONOURED BRITISH THREAT.

Indignant Anglo-Saxon (to Provincial French Innkeeper, who is bowing his thanks for the final settlement of his exorbitant and much-disputed account). "OH, OUI, MOSSOO! POUR LE MATIÈRE DE *ÇA, JE PAYE!* MAIS JUSTE VOUS REGARDEZ *ICI*, MON AMI! ET JUSTE—VOUS—MARQUEZ—MES—*MOTS!* JE *PAYE—MAIS JE METTE LE DANS LA 'TIMES'!*"

SHOPPING!

Lady (at Seaside "Emporium"). "HOW MUCH ARE THOSE—AH—IMPROVERS?"

Shopman. "IMPROV—HEM!—THEY'RE NOT, MA'AM"—*(confused)*—"NOT—NOT THE ARTICLE YOU REQUIRE, MA'AM. THEY'RE FENCING-MASKS, MA'AM!" *[Tableau!*



FAIRPLAY IN A DILEMMA.

Conscientious Party. "NOW, THEN, DROP YER GOGGLES, WILL YER? 'OW THE *BLANK* AM I TO 'IT YER WITH THEM GLARSES ON?"

Nearsighted Party. "HOW THE DEUCE AM *I* TO HIT *YOU* IF I TAKE 'EM OFF?"

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

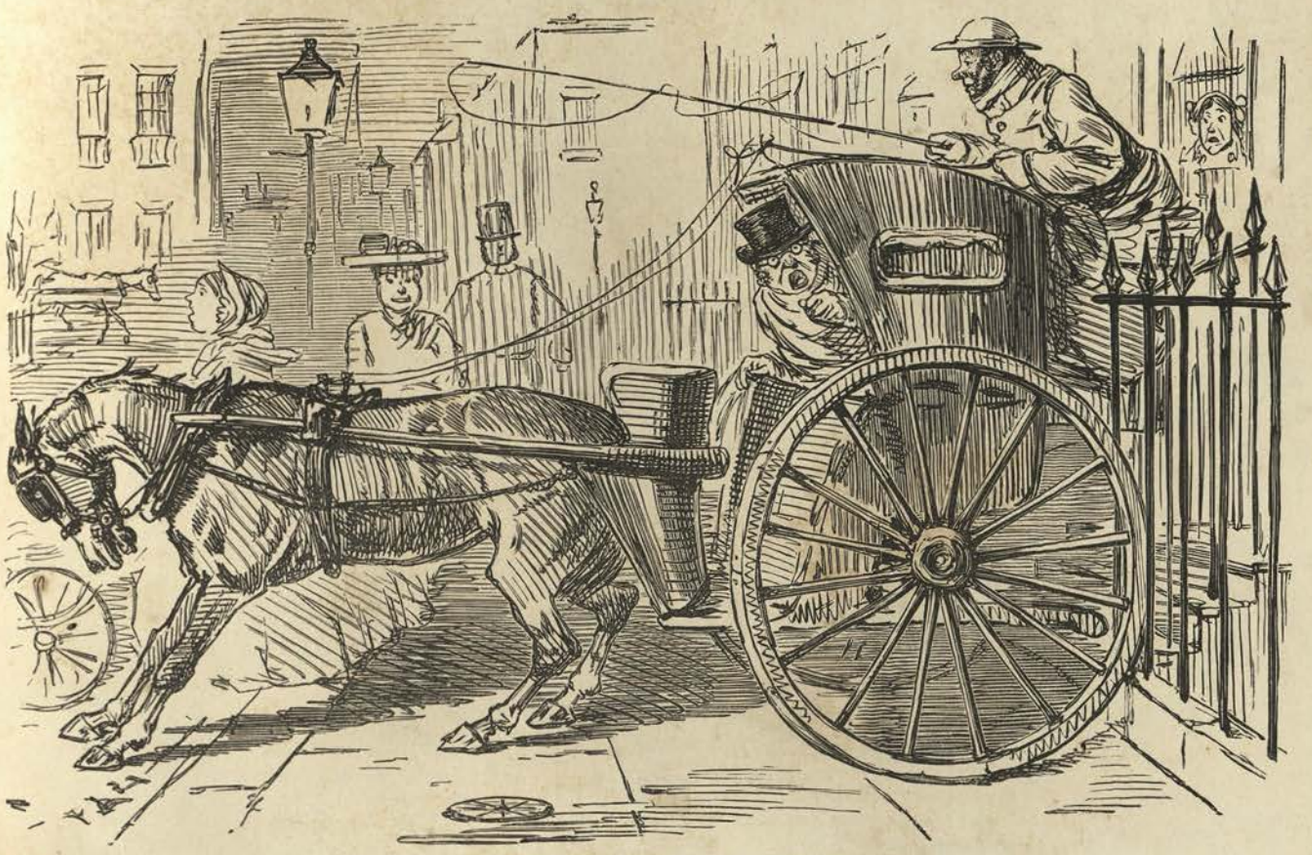
Waiter (to nervous invalid). "THERE'S THE OLD CHURCH, SIR, CLOSE BY, BUT SOME VISITORS GOES TO ST. WOBBLEOE'S, SIR. THERE THE CLERGYMAN PREACHES *DISTEMPERY!!*"

(Clearly not the place for him, the old gentleman thinks, with a shudder.

FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress. "NOW, I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"

Samuel (who has come recently out of a Strawyard). "YEZ, M'! BUT PLEAZ, M', BE OI TO WEAR MY BREECHES?"



SOOTHING EXPLANATION.

Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO GIT OUT, SIR! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN'!"

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—CAMBRIDGE.

(Whispers in the Senate House.)

"HI! I SAY! I'M A MARRIED MAN, WITH SIX CHILDREN. FOR MERCY'S SAKE WHAT IS THE ENGLISH FOR *ETIAM*?"

IS IT POSSIBLE!?

First City Man. "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE THE SECRETARY OF ALL THESE COMPANIES?"

Second Ditto. "INDEED I DO, MY DEAR FELLOW, AND THEY ARE GENUINE COMPANIES, TOO! WHY, BLESS YOUR SOUL, SIR! SOME OF 'EM PAY DIVIDENDS!!"

HARD TIMES.

HIS GRACE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER, AND TAKES A SNUG LITTLE RETAIL BUSINESS IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE. BEHOLD HIM FITTING HIS SON-IN-LAW WITH A PAIR OF PATENT LEATHER PUMPS (AT COST PRICE, YOU MAY BE SURE)!

"LITERA SCRIPTA."

Wooer. "OH, MISS—OH, LAVINIA! MAY I NOT STILL HOPE?—OR IS YOUR CRUEL REJECTION OF MY SUIT FINAL AND IRREVOC—"

Spinster (firmly). "YES, MR. BROWN, I SERIOUSLY DESIRE YOU WILL REGARD IT SO."

Wooer. "THEN, DEAREST, MAY I ASK YOU"—*(producing the materials from adjacent writing-table)*—"TO—AH—PUT IT ON PA-PAR! I SHALL FEEL SAFER!"

STALL-FED, BUT NOT STALL-CLAD.

Box-Keeper (to Country Visitor, who, on removing his Overcoat, reveals the glories of his Vest). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR WAISTCOAT AIN'T QUITE THE THING FOR THE STALLS."

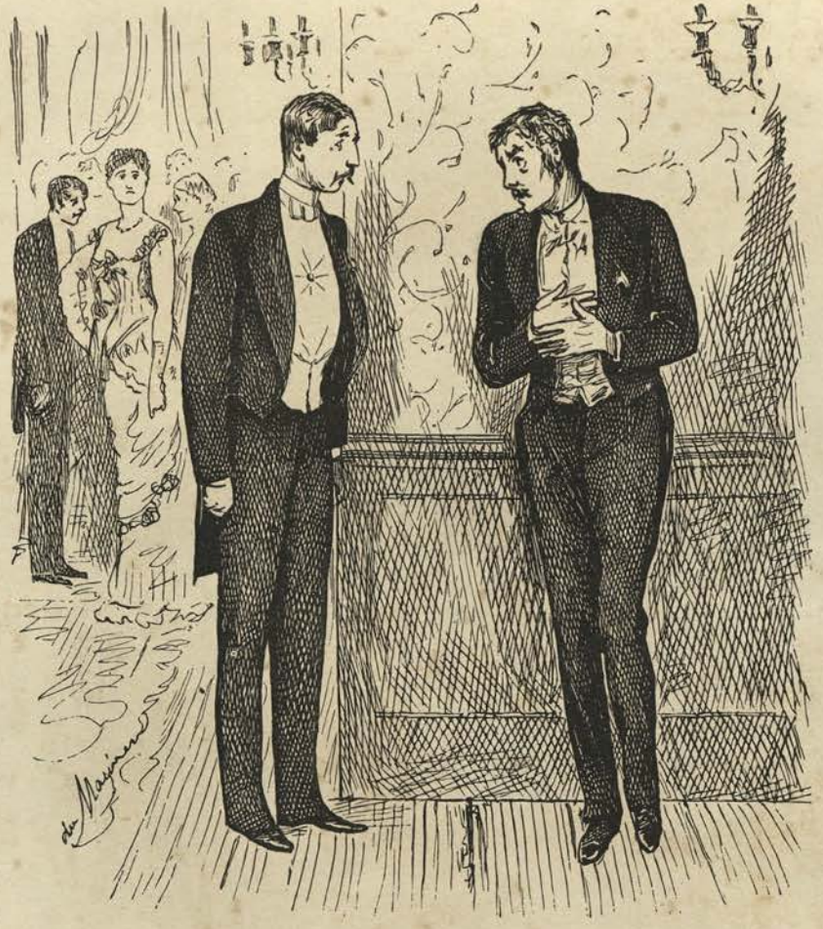
Country Visitor (with indignant surprise). "NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A THEYATER! DANG YER IMPUDENCE! WHY, I HAD THAT WAISTCOAT MADE O' PURPOSE FOR CATTLE SHOW WEEK!"

"SMALL MERCIES."

First Jolly Angler (with empty Creel). "WELL, WE'VE HAD A VERY PLEASANT DAY! WHAT A DELIGHTFUL PURSUIT IT IS!"

Second Ditto (with ditto). "GLORIOUS! I SHAN'T FORGET THAT NIBBLE WE HAD JUST AFTER LUNCH, AS LONG AS I LIVE!"

Both. "AH!!"



TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAPPIE? INDIGESTION?"

"*INDIGESTION*, INDEED. I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ TO LADY GORGONZOLA GRIMSHAW. THE MUSIC'S ACTUALLY BEGUN - AND—AND—*I'VE LOST THE SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY SHIRT-FRONT!*"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

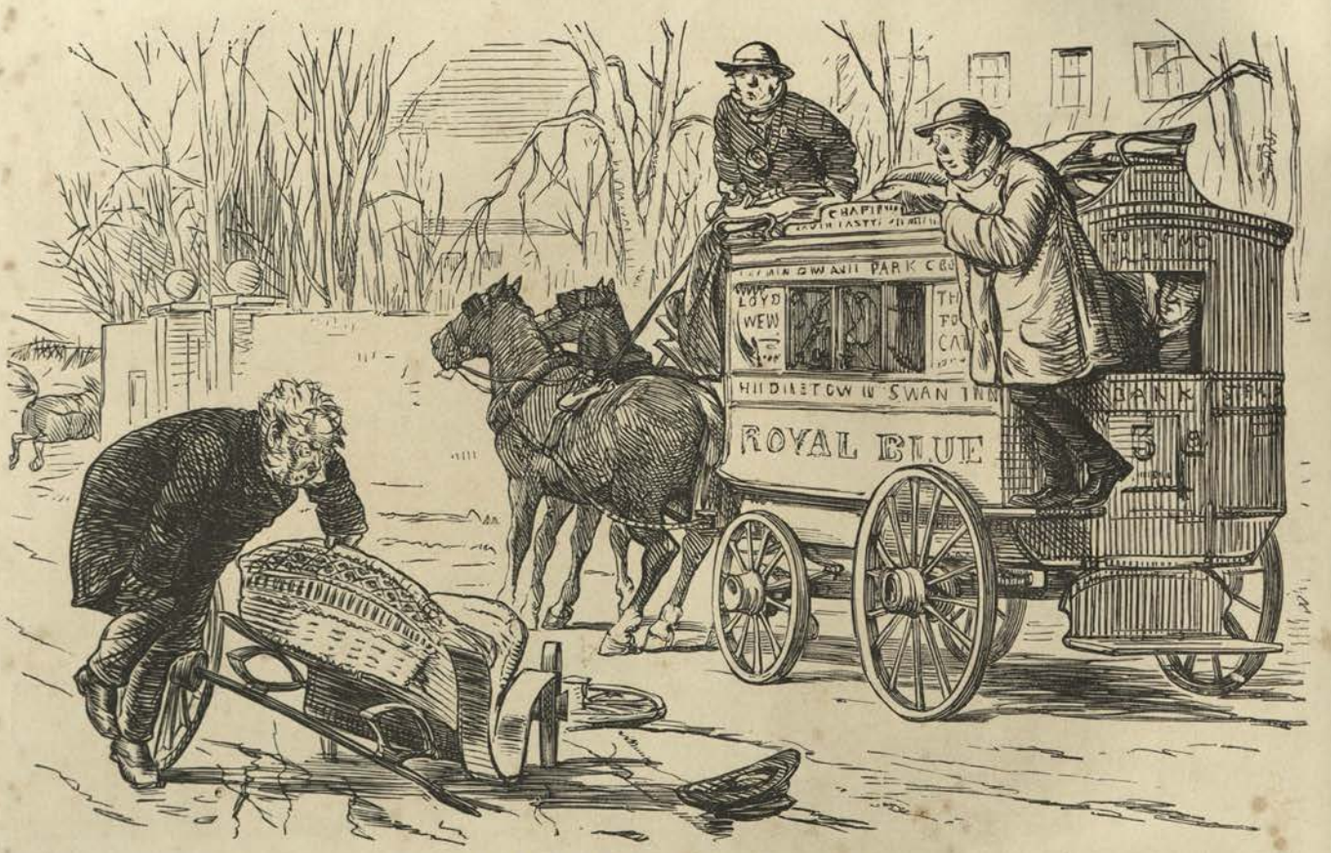
She. "AND SO YOU ARE GOING TO AMERICA! WHAT LINE ARE YOU GOING BY?"

He. "WELL, I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND. THE '*LONE STAR LINE*' IS THE MOST *COMFORTABLE*, THEY SAY; BUT THEN THE '*WHITE STRIPE*' IS THE *SAFEST!*"

She (kindly). "OH, TAKE THE MOST *COMFORTABLE!*"

CONTEMPLATIVE.

Dustman (log.). "HA! IF THEM SLOPS FITTED HIM YESTERDAY, WHAT A HAWFUL NIGHT THE POOR FELLER MUST HA' PASSED TO PULL HIM DOWN SO!"



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Bus Driver (after taking the old gentleman's wheel off, &c.). "WELL, YOU ARE A FUNNY DRIVER. NEVER MIND, SIR, JUMP INSIDE; WE'LL H'IST THE P'RAMB'LATOR ONTO THE ROOF, AND KETCH THE PONY IN NO TIME."

A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

Military Friend. "WHY, LOOK HERE, MY DEAR BOY, IT SEEMS TO ME YOU ARE PRECISELY THE MAN WE WANT - WITH YOUR BEARD YOU WOULD LOOK QUITE TERRIFIC IN OUR UNIFORM. YOU WOULD, INDEED—QUITE TERRIFIC."

UNBECOMING LEVITY.

Fair Young Lady. "I SEE SOMEBODY IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE, WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF! I SUPPOSE THE BRIDE IS APPROACHING!"
Light Young Man. "HANDKERCHIEF!—WHITE ONE!! BY JOVE, PERHAPS IT'S A *REPRIEVE!*"

RUSTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

Boy. "PLEASE, PA-ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP."

The Rector. "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SHE'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA-AIL VOR 'UN, PA-ARSON!!"

"THE GREY MARE!"

Mrs. B. (taking the reins). "NO, BROWN, I WILL NOT HAVE THE PONY BACKED! NO! THAT PERSON MUST HAVE SEEN US COME INTO THE LANE FIRST; AND IF THE MAN'S GOT COMMON POLITENESS——"

Mr. B. "BUT, MY DEAR, WE'VE ONLY JUST TURNED THE——"

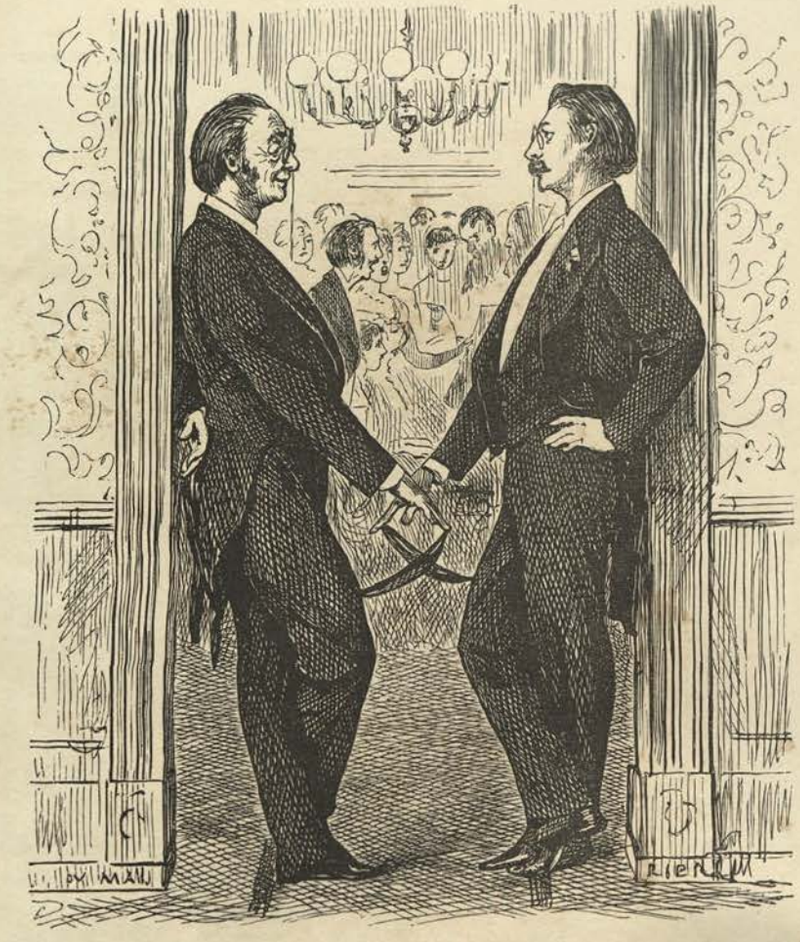
Mrs. B. "I DON'T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON'T GO BACK, IF I STAY HERE TILL——"

Farmer. "ALL RIGHT, SIR!—I'LL BACK, SIR. I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER *VIXEN* AT HOME, SIR!"

SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Jones. "CONFOUND IT! HERE'S THAT FRIGHTFUL OLD BORE, *BROWN!*"

Smith. "WELL, HE'S A BORE, NO DOUBT—THE GREATEST, IN FACT, I EVER MET—BUT HE'S GOT HIS GOOD POINTS. FOR INSTANCE, WHEN ONCE HE'S TAKEN A *LIKING* TO A FELLOW, HE STICKS TO HIM FOR *EVER!* HE'S TAKEN A TREMENDOUS LIKING TO *YOU*—TA-TA!"



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PIANIST.

Grigsby. "I TRUST YOU WILL FAVOUR US THIS EVENING, MR. BELMAINS?"

Mr. Belmains. "WELL—ER—NO—HARDLY! THEY DON'T CARE FOR *SERIOUS* PIANOFORTE-PLAYING IN THIS HOUSE, YOU KNOW. I HOPE YOU WILL GIVE US '*HE'S GOT 'EM ON*,' MR. GRIGSBY."

Mr. Grigsby. "WELL—I—ER—THINK NOT—*SCARCELY!* YOU SEE, IN THIS HOUSE THEY DON'T APPRECIATE *SERIOUS* COMIC SINGING!"

VERY SIMPLE.

"IS THERE ANY WAY ACROSS THIS?"—"DO'NAW." "ISN'T THERE A BRIDGE ANYWHERE?"—"DO'NAW."
"DOESN'T YOUR FATHER GO THIS WAY? HOW DOES HE GET ACROSS?"—"GENER'LY JOOMPS IT!"

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

"HI, SIR! CONFOUND YOU, MIND MY HAT!"

SCRAPS FROM A HIGHLAND SKETCH-BOOK.

MY ONLY SHOT AT A CORMORANT.

HERE SHE COMES!

THERE SHE GOES!

THE SAD FATE OF OUR ONLY HAM.—THE PURSUIT.

CUTTING!

Host. "WHAT BIN DID YOU PUT THAT MARSALA IN, MUGGLES?"
New Butler. "IN THE—AH—DUST-BIN, SIR!!"

BETHNAL GREEN.

East-Ender. "'ARY SCHEFFER!' HIGNORANT FELLERS, THESE FOREIGNERS, BILL! SPELLS 'ENERY WITHOUT THE HAITCH!"

CHRONOLOGY.

'Bus-Driver. "THEY TELL ME THERE'VE BEEN SOME COINS FOUND IN THESE 'ERE 'EXKY-VATIONS' THAT 'A BEEN BURIED THERE A MATTER O' FOUR OR FIVE 'UNDRED YEAR!!"

Passenger Friend. "OH, THAT'S NOTHIN'! WHY, THERE'S SOME IN THE BRI'SH MUSEUM—AH—MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEAR OLD!!"

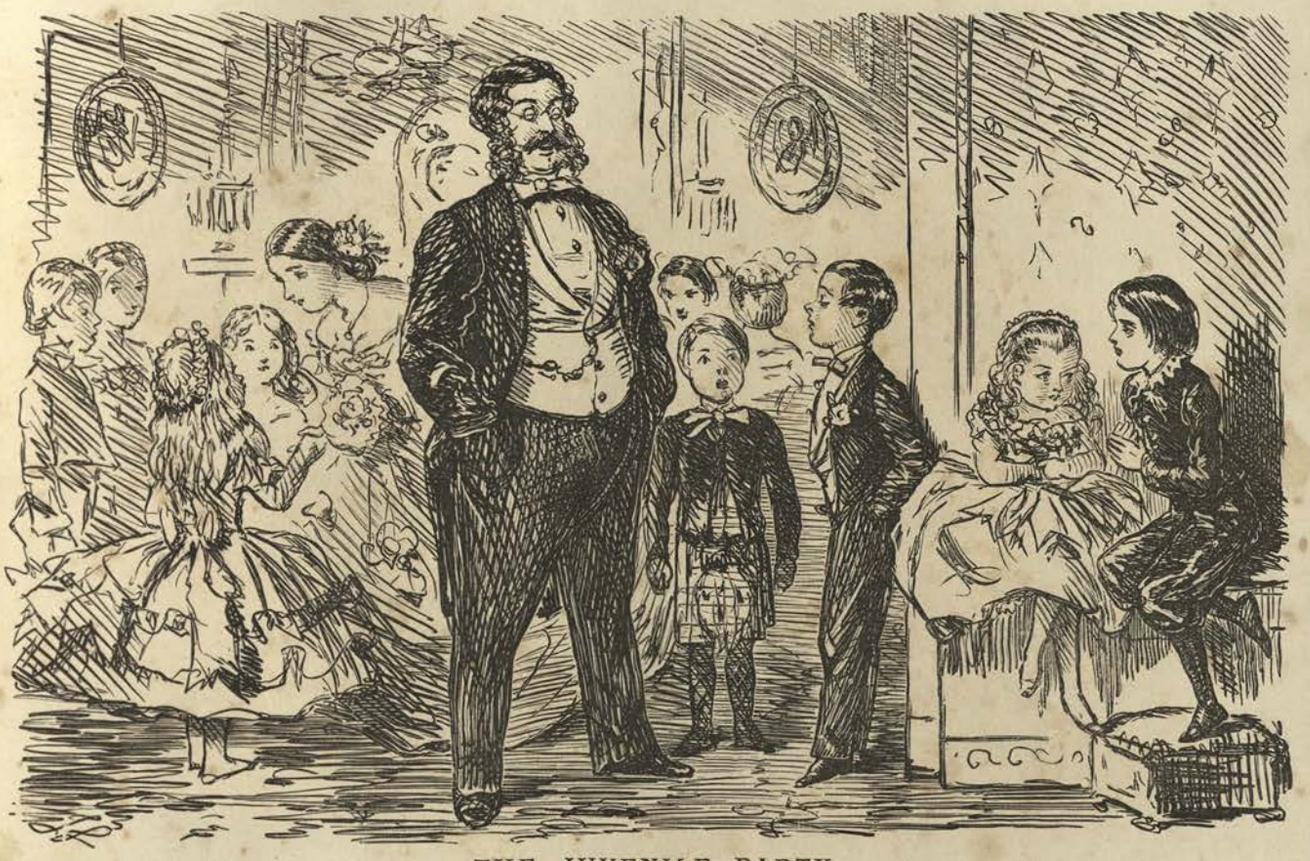
'Bus-Driver (after a pause). "COME, GEORGE, THAT WON'T DO, YER KNOW! 'CAUSE WE'RE ONLY IN EIGHT'N 'UNDRED AN' SIXTY-NINE NOW!!!"

A PERFECT CURE.

Our Cabby. "'STONISHING TO ME THERE AIN'T MORE ACCIDENTS ALONG O' THESE 'ERE FOUNTAINS. ALWAYS CARRY A FLASK OF OLD TOM OR WHAT NOT ABOUT YER, AND YER CAN'T COME TO NO HARM."

ASTONISHING FACT.

Lady (who is rather plain). "MY DEAR CECIL, WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS GO TO A GOOD PLACE, WHERE THE MAN IS AN ARTIST. I HAD MINE DONE THE OTHER DAY, AND IT IS *QUITE BEAUTIFUL!*"



THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Paterfamilias (to Youth who goes with his Pony well across country). "HOLLO! HUGH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU LIKE DANCING?"
Youth. "A—NO! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE FOR BALLS—FEW *HUNTING MEN DO!!!*"

RATHER WAGGISH.

First Stable Boy. "WELL, I'M BLOWED IF HE *AIN'T BEEN FIRED!*"

HOW HE OUGHT "NOT" TO LOOK.

Excited Prompter (to the Ghost of Hamlet's Father, who is working himself up to the most funereal aspect he can assume). "NOW THEN, WALKER, *LOOK ALIVE!*"

DOMESTIC GOVER'MENT.

Working Joiner (button-holed on his way home by Political Plumber). "LOOK 'ERE! COME ALONG, AND MY MISSUS WILL GIVE US A CUP O' TEA, AND YOU'LL SEE THE SPEAKER AN' THE OPPOSITION AN' 'OME RULE ALL IN ONE!"

"LOCUM TENENS."

Choleric Old Gent. "CHRISTMAS BOX?! WHY, YOU AREN'T THE REGULAR SWEEPER!"

Arab. "NO, SIR; BUT I MIND THE GE'TLEMAN'S BROOM, SIR, WHILE HE'S GONE FOR HIS 'ALF-PINT!" [*Exit Old Gent, storming, with symptoms of Apoplexy!*

"ALL HIS EYE."

Fobbinson. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, ISN'T THAT MY UMB—THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT, AND THIS IS CERTAINLY NOT——" *(A shabby black Gingham!)*

Jownes. "EH?!—WELL, I DECLARE—SO I HAVE—THOUSAND PARDONS—MY UNFORTUNATE COLOUR-BLINDNESS—COLOUR-BLIND, SIR!" *[Restores neat green Silk!*

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEED; BUT, AT THIS MOMENT,

THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY.

HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND RUSHES WILDLY AHEAD, AMIDST THE EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND, GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.

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MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN, HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE;

BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;

AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

THE MARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.

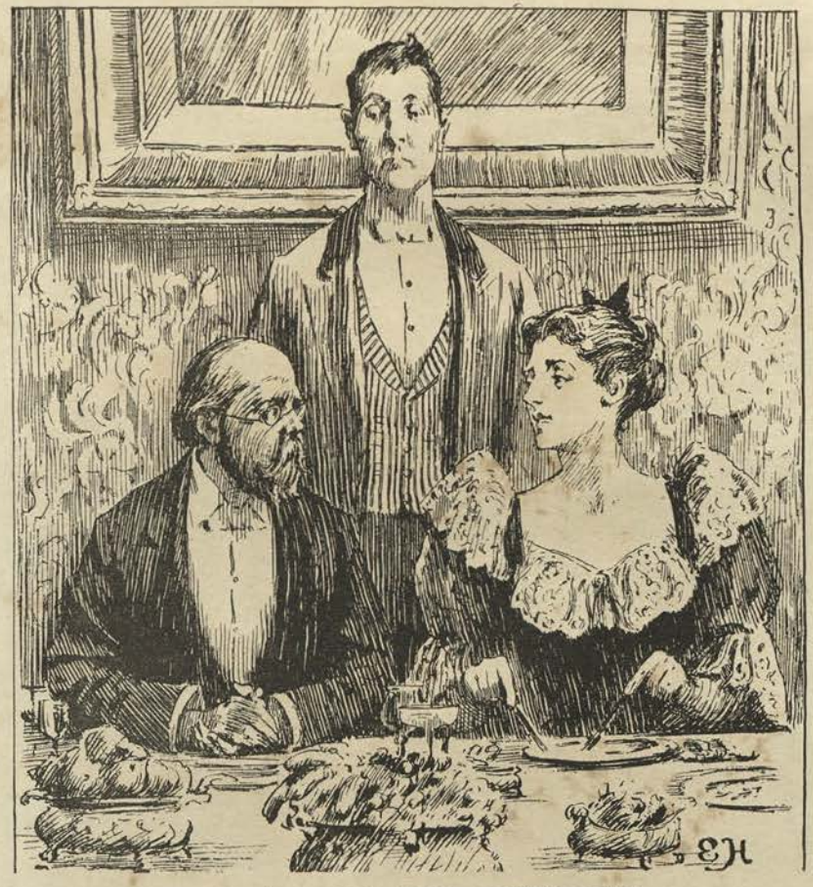
T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPED VERY LABORIOUS. HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.

THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY 'ACAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED"—*(N.B. The simple Countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.)*

EARLY MISGIVINGS.

Newly-Married M.P. "BY JOVE, TEN O'CLOCK! I *MUST* GO DOWN TO THE HOUSE, IF ONLY TO FIND SOMEONE TO PAIR WITH."

His Wife. "OH, DARLING, I THOUGHT YOU AND I HAD PAIRED FOR LIFE!"



A SALVE FOR THE CONSCIENCE.

Vegetarian Professor. "NO, MADAM, NOT EVEN FISH. I CANNOT SANCTION THE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE. THESE LITTLE ANIMALS, FOR INSTANCE, WERE BUT YESTERDAY SWIMMING HAPPILY IN THE SEA."

Mrs. O'Laughlan. "OH BUT, PROFESSOR, JUST THINK IT'S THE FIRST TIME THE POOR LITTLE THINGS HAVE EVER BEEN REALLY WARM IN THEIR LIVES!"

CULTURE.

(*Scene—A Private Picture Gallery.*)

Noble Sportsman (opposite choice example of Canaletto). "I SAY, BY JOVE, I SEE YOU'VE GOT A PICTURE OF OLYMPIA HERE!"

DRAWN BLANK.

Huntsman. "HOW IS IT YOU NEVER HAVE ANY FOXES HERE NOW?"
Keeper (who has orders to shoot them). "PHEASANTS HAVE EAT 'EM ALL!"

A PROTEST.

Eastern Counties Rustic (to the New Incumbent). "BEG Y' PARDON, SIR—BUT BE YEAOU A GOIN' TO FARM YAR GLEBE, SIR? 'CAUSE AS HOW—THA'S THE 'ARLIEST AN' FORRUDEST BIT O' LAND I' THE WHOL' PARISH—AN' OUR LAST PARSON, HE USED TO GET IN HIS HAYE—THEN HE CLAP ON THE PRAYER FOR RAIN!—AN' WHERE WOR WE!?"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE POET.

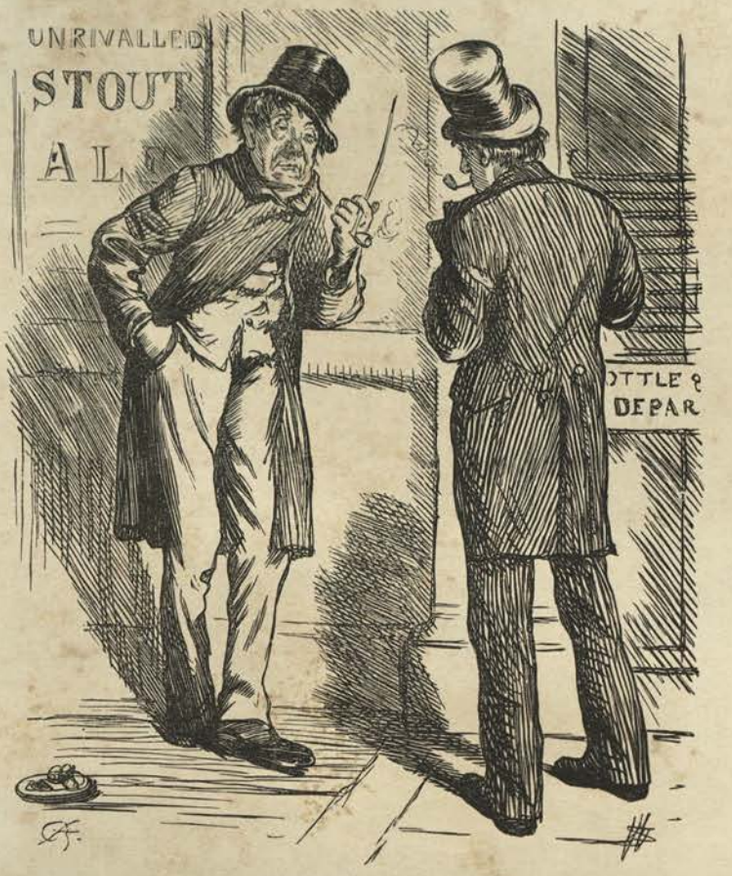
Poetic Husband. "HEAR THIS SONNET OF MINE, EMILY. IT HAS COST ME MUCH LABOUR; AND THOUGH I SAY IT WHO SHOULDN'T, IT'S NOT UNWORTHY OF SHAKSPEARE OR MILTON."

Prosaic Wife. "CERTAINLY, MY LOVE. BUT I *WISH* YOU WOULDN'T WRITE SONNETS ON OUR BEST CREAM-LAID NOTE-PAPER! I MUST GET YOU SOME FOOLSCAP!"

DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE BARITONE.

("*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus!*"—HORACE!)

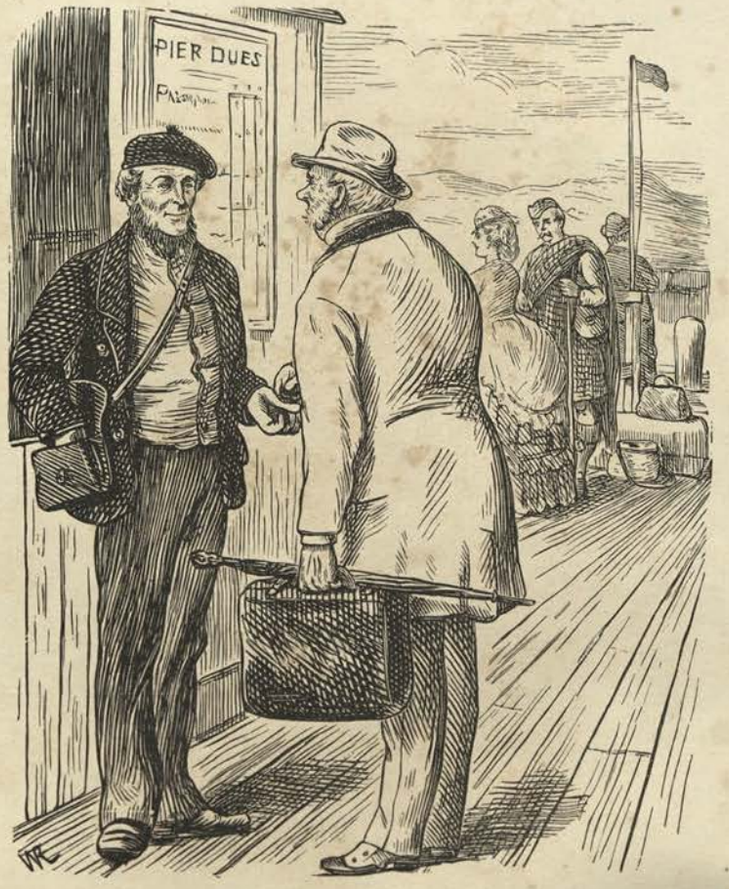
"DO ASK YOUR HUSBAND TO SING, LIZZIE!" "I WILL, IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO ASK HIM TO *LEAVE OFF!*"



SHOCKING!

First Citizen. "WHAT BUS'NESS SH' WORKING-MAN BRI'SH M'SEUM 'F SHUNDAY (HIC); 'SH LOTSH O' PUBLIC-'OUSES?"

Second Citizen (assenting). "WANT TO GO T' Z'LOSGH'CAL GARDENS NEXT!"



SOONER OR LATER.

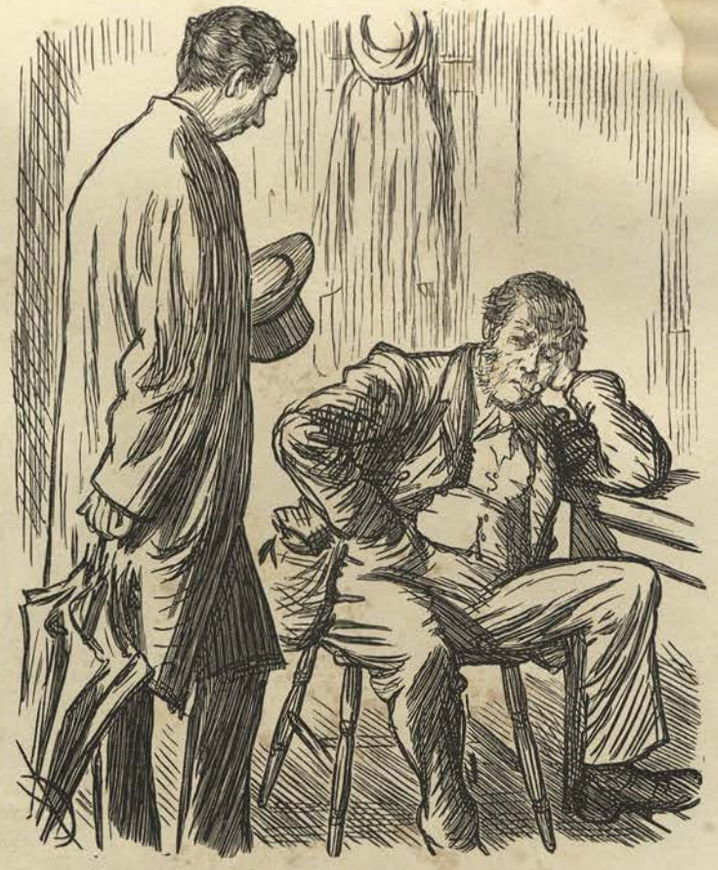
Old Gent. "WHEN IS THE STEAMER DUE HERE?"

Highland Pier-Master. "VARIOUS. SOMETIMES SOONER, SOMETIMES EARLIER, AN' EVEN SOMETIMES BEFORE THAT, TOO."

LITERAL.

Visitor (to Disconsolate One). "REJECTED YOU, DID SHE? OH, WHAT O' THAT? 'OFTEN DO AT FIRST. TRY HER AGAIN. YOU'RE NOT PERTINACIOUS ENOUGH. YOU SHOULD HAVE PRESSED HER——"

Dejected One. "YES, BUT—CONFOUND HER!—SHE WOULDN'T LET ME COME NEAR HER!"

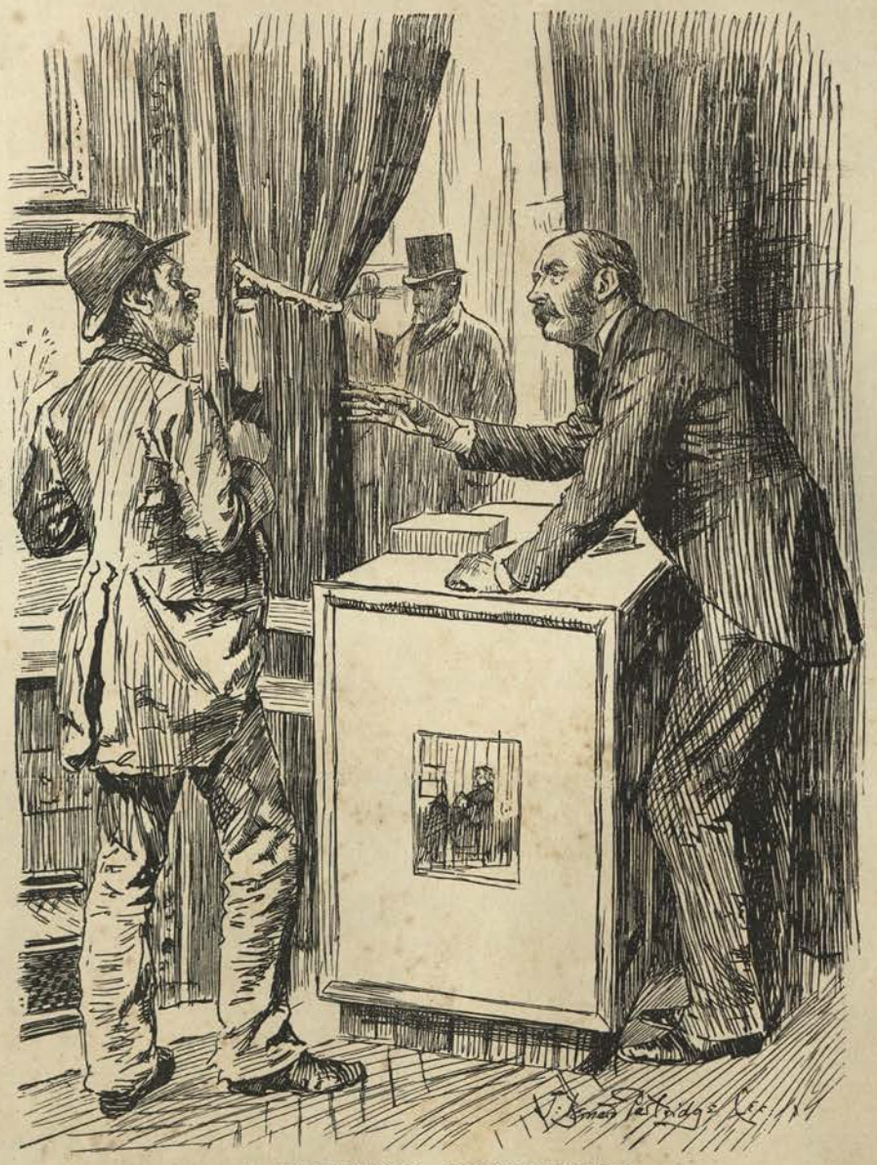


"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN," ETC.

Parson (to Ne'er-do-weel). "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, GILES—THAT YOUR WIFE HAS LEFT YOU! AH! THIS IS WHAT I——"

Giles. "SHE MIGHT DO WORSE THAN THAT, SIR."

Parson (shocked). "WORSE!" *Giles.* "SHE MIGHT COME BACK AGAIN!"



A BROTHER PASTELLIST.

(Messrs. Goupil admit Artists and Students free to Mr. Whistler's Exhibition.)

Gatekeeper (stopping squalid Stranger). "NOW THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

S. S. "COME TO SEE JIMMY'S SHOW." *Gatekeeper.* "ONE SHILLING, PLEASE!"

S. S. "NOT ME! I'M A ARTIST—CORNER O' BAKER STREET—CHALKS. LE'MME THROUGH!"

[Chucked!

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Very Naughty Tommy (who has been severely corrected by his Mamma). "I'M PRE'SH'-S-S SORRY"—*(sobbing)*—"Y'YOU EVER M-MARRIED PA'!!"

A MERE DETAIL.

Friend of the Family. "WEEL, MRS. M'GLASGIE, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER DOIN', THE ONE THAT WAS MARRIED A WHILE AGO?"

Mrs. M'Glasgie. "OH, VARRA WEEL, THANK YE, MR. BROWN, VARRA WEEL, INDEED! SHE CANNA ABIDE HER MAN. BUT THEN, YE KEN, THERE'S AYE A SOMETHING!!"

SUCH A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY—AT CHRISTMAS.

Uncle John (losing his money and his temper). "NOW, JANE, DO ME A FAVOUR FOR ONCE, AND *DON'T* SHOW YOUR HAND!"

Aunt Jane (whose best Cards her Partner has invariably over-trumped). "I CAN'T HELP IT. YOU SHOW *YOUR* HANDS, AND I'M SURE *THEY'RE* NO BEAUTIES!"

[After this, there's a prospect of a very pleasant evening.

LOST ILLUSION.

"WHAT, IS *EVERYBODY* WICKED, MAMMA DEAR?"—"YES, BERTIE." "ARE YOU WICKED YOURSELF, MAMMA DEAR?"—"NOT SO GOOD AS I OUGHT TO BE!" "AND—*THE POLICE??*"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—A REHEARSAL.

The Captain. "AT THIS STAGE OF THE PROCEEDINGS I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU, LADY GRACE. WILL YOUR HUSBAND MIND, DO YOU THINK?"
Lady Grace. "OH NO! IT'S FOR A *CHARITY*, YOU KNOW!"

CAUTION TO SISTERS.

Harriet. "I SAY, CHARLEY, I'VE BEEN STEALING SOME OF YOUR SCENT; BUT IT ISN'T VERY NICE—SOMETHING ODD ABOUT IT—SMELL!"

Charley. "NOT WIPED YOUR LIPS WITH IT, I HOPE? IT'S THE NEW STUFF FOR MY MOUSTACHES—BRINGS 'EM OUT AN INCH EVERY NIGHT!"

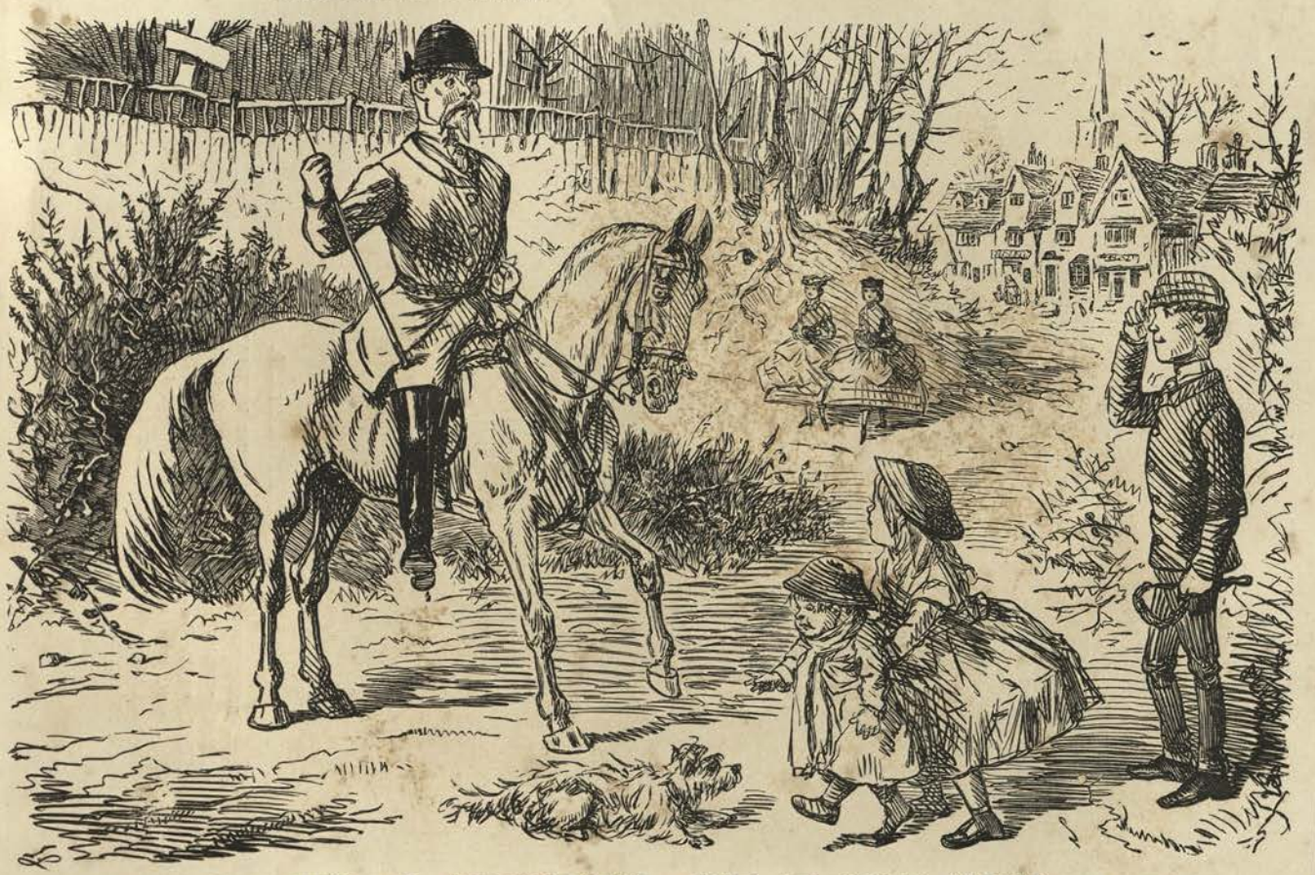
A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

Stout Lady (who has been let down easy). "NOW, MR. FEATHERSTONE, IF I CAN'T GET ON FROM HERE, CAN YOU *LIFT* ME ON?"

POOR DEAR!

Lady. "WHAT ON EARTH, MARY, HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH THAT DOG; HE IS DRIPPING WITH WATER!"

Mary. "IT'S ALL MASTER TOM; HE'S BEEN AND TIED HIM TO THE END OF A POLE, AND CLEANED THE WINDERS WITH HIM."



A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds). "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZARE IS NO *DOG'S MEET* TO-DAY!"

GENUS IRRITABILE.

First Bard. "SEEN MY SONNETS IN THE *PACIFIC WEEKLY?*"

Second Bard. "YES." *First Bard.* "LIKE THEM?"

Second Bard. "WELL—A—*CANDIDLY*—I——"

First Bard. "OH, IF IT COMES TO THAT, *CANDIDLY* I ALWAYS HATED YOUR BEASTLY BALLADES AND RONDELS AND ROT IN THE *ERECHTHEUM*—BUT I HAD THE DECENCY NOT TO *TELL* YOU SO!"

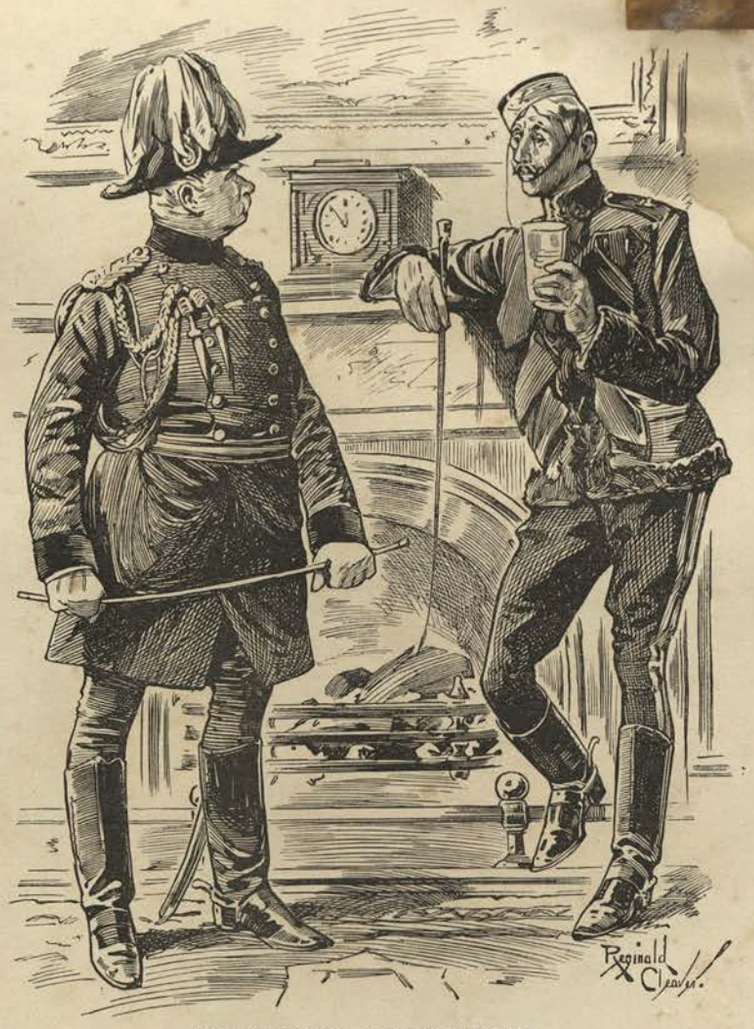
THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID

Miss Constance. "I'M SO GLAD YOU THINK I'VE IMPROVED IN MY PLAYING OF THAT NOCTURNE OF YOURS, HERR BEMOLSKI! I HOPE TO BE PERFECT IN IT NEXT TIME WE MEET!"

Herr B. (gallantly). "ACH! MISS GONSCHDANCE! I *HOPE* VE SHALL MEET BEFORE *ZAT!*"

QUITE UNPARDONABLE.

Assistant (in his most insinuating manner). "IN YOUR CASE, MADAM, I SHOULD CERTAINLY CONSIDER *FAST* COLOURS MOST SUITABLE." *RESULT!*



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General. "MR. DE BRIDOON, WHAT IS THE GENERAL USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WARFARE?"

Mr. de Bridoon. "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MERE VULGAR BRAWL!"

STRONG ASSERTION.

Omnibus Driver (addressing another). "YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY, I'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA-LEAVES!"

STUMPED OUT.

Apothecary's Boy (to party rather proud of his Horsemanship). "I SAY, MISTER, MIND WHAT YOU'RE AT, OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE *SHOPBOARD!*"

THE CHOP-HOUSE.

Enter Street-Boy, and, with suppressed ecstacy. "OH, PLEASE, THERE'S YOUR CAT AND KITTENS HAVING SUCH A GAME WITH THE THINGS IN THE WINDER!"

A CAUTION.

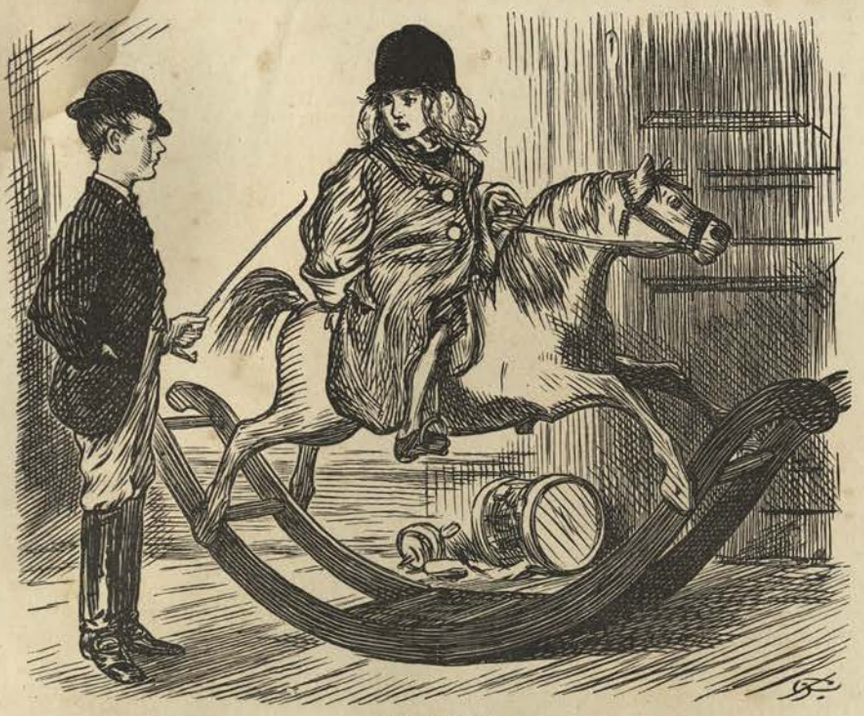
Old Gent (with difficulty). "NOW REALLY—OH!—THIS DIS—GRACEFUL CROWDING—I'M—I'M POSITIVE MY GUN WILL GO OFF!"

THE DANGER OF HAVING FIRE-ARMS IN YOUR BED-ROOM.

Alarmed Wife. "OH, GEORGE! WHAT IS THE MATTER?" *George.* "HUSH! IT'S THE WAITS."

THE WAITS.

THESE ARE THE ONLY ONES TO WHOM MR. P. GIVES A CHRISTMAS-BOX!



HORSEY.

Little Alfred (in Papa's coat and cap). "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HORSE, GEORGE?"

Cousin George. "UM!—HE'S A GOODISH TOPP'D 'UN, BUT—AWFULLY COARSE SHOULDER, AND TOO THICK IN THE HOCKS AND PASTERNS!"

QUI S'ACCUSE S'EXCUSE.

Sporting Gent (to Frenchman, who has been going very creditably). "HAVE A CIGAR, MUSSOO; NASTY PURL YOU GOT AT THAT DOUBLE FENCE."

Plucky Gaul. "OH, IT VOS NOSSING—YOU SEE—VEN SHE JOMP EASY—I AM—MAIS VEN SHE JOMP SO 'ARD, I DO NOT R-REM-AIN!"

POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Grigsby. "HULLO, MY JELLABY, *YOU* HERE! COME AND TAKE A DIP IN THE BRINY, OLD MAN. I'M SURE YOU LOOK AS IF YOU *WANTED* IT!"

Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO. I NEVER BATHE. I ALWAYS SEE MYSELF SO DREADFULLY *FORESHORTENED* IN THE WATER, YOU KNOW!"

"TREATMENT."

Doctor. "NO, SIR; IT IS NEARLY OBSOLETE IN PRACTICE. WE DON'T BLEED NOW AS THEY USED TO DO FORMERLY." *Atrabilious Patient.* "AH?!—NOT WITH THE LANCET, YOU MEAN!"

"TAKING STOCK"!

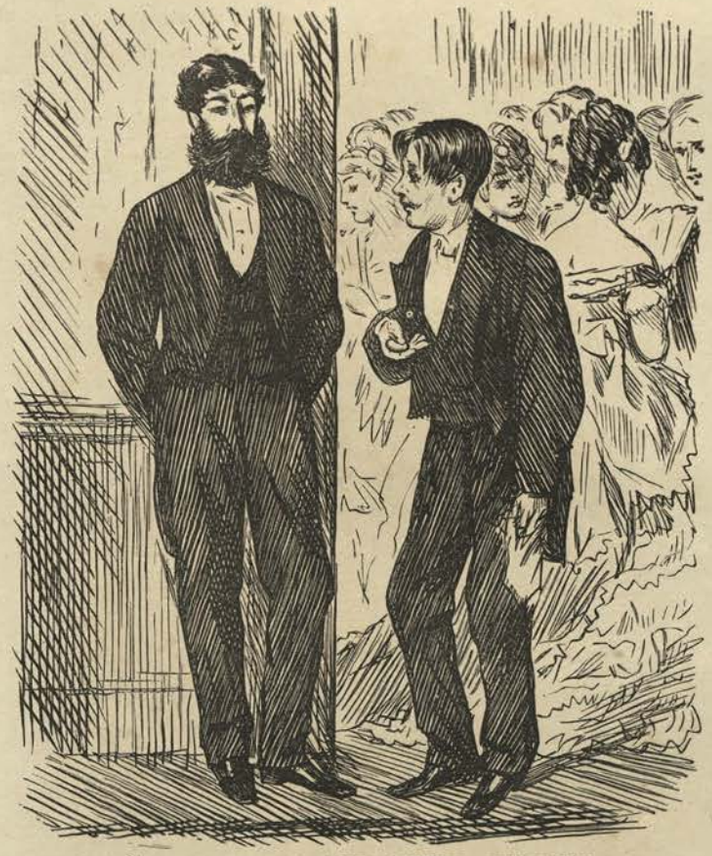
Wife (jealous). "WHO HAVE YOU BEEN GIVING A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO? THE OTHER DAY I COUNTED EIGHTY ODD, AND NOW THERE'S ONLY—NOT NEAR SO MANY—WRETCH!"

VERY SHABBY.

Rival. "THERE, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME ONE, I'LL TELL YOUR BROTHER, 'CAUSE I SAW YOU KISS CHARLEY TURNER, JUST NOW, IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM."

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Skate Proprietor to Spectator with Wooden Leg. "'AVE A PAIR ON, SIR?—AX YER PARDIN, SIR—DIDN'T TWIG YER MISFORTIN. I'VE A HODD 'UN YOU CAN HAVE, SIR!"



"IT'S THE PACE THAT KILLS."

Languid Swell (who has been taking it easy). "OFF, TWISTLER? WHAT! KNOCKED UP ALREADY, MY BOY?!"

Twistler (indignantly). "KNOCKED UP! WELL, WE DANCED FOURTEEN MILES BY MY PEDOMETER!"

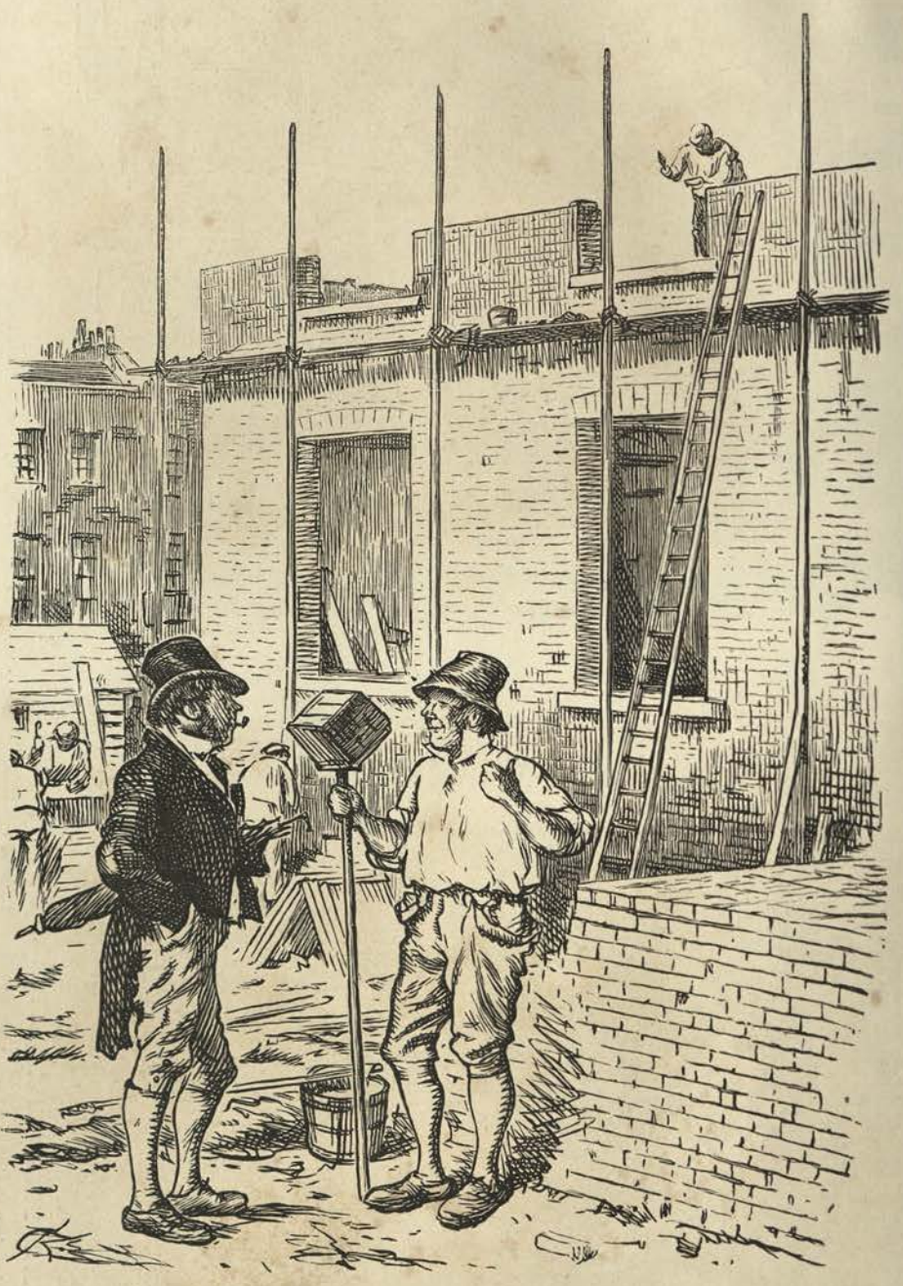
"IS IT GREEK?"

Foreigner. "'SAY, MUN, RAX ME OWRE THE POURRIE."

Southerner. "I'M SORRY—JE NE PARLE NO FRENCH."

Foreigner. "O, I BEG YE'RE PAURDON—HAN' ME THE CREAM-JUG."

[*No—it is Scotch.*



"A CONTINTED MIND."

Tirence (Bricklayer's Labourer, acclimatised, to Paddy [just] from Cork). "SELL YER PIG AN' FOURNICHURE, AN' COME OVER WID BIDDY TO THIS BLISSED COUNTRY. I GET T'REE AN' T'RIPENCE A DAY FOR CARR'IN' BRICKS UP A LADDER. AN', BE JABERS, THERE'S A POOR DIVIL UP AT THE TOP DOIN' ALL THE WORK FOR ME!!"

DEPRESSING!

Griggles. "HULLO, DUMPLEY! WHAT ARE YOU READING? 'CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE *LANCET*? PUT IT DOWN, AND COME AND HAVE A GAME O' PYRAMIDS!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Proud Mamma. "DON'T YOU THINK DEAR BABY'S THE IMAGE OF HIS PAPA?"

Dull but Well-meaning Family Friend. "WELL, PERHAPS HE IS—BUT I DARE SAY HE'LL OUTGROW IT IN TIME."

"AS SHE IS SPOKE."

Jules (from France). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR, MAIS VOUS SERIEZ BIEN AIMABLE DE M'INDIQUER LA ROUTE POUR PEEKKADILLI?"

Brown (from the Country, suddenly called upon to speak French). "OH—AH—FASHY DER DEER, MOSSOU, KER MWAW OSEE SWEEZE *ÉTRANGLAY!*"

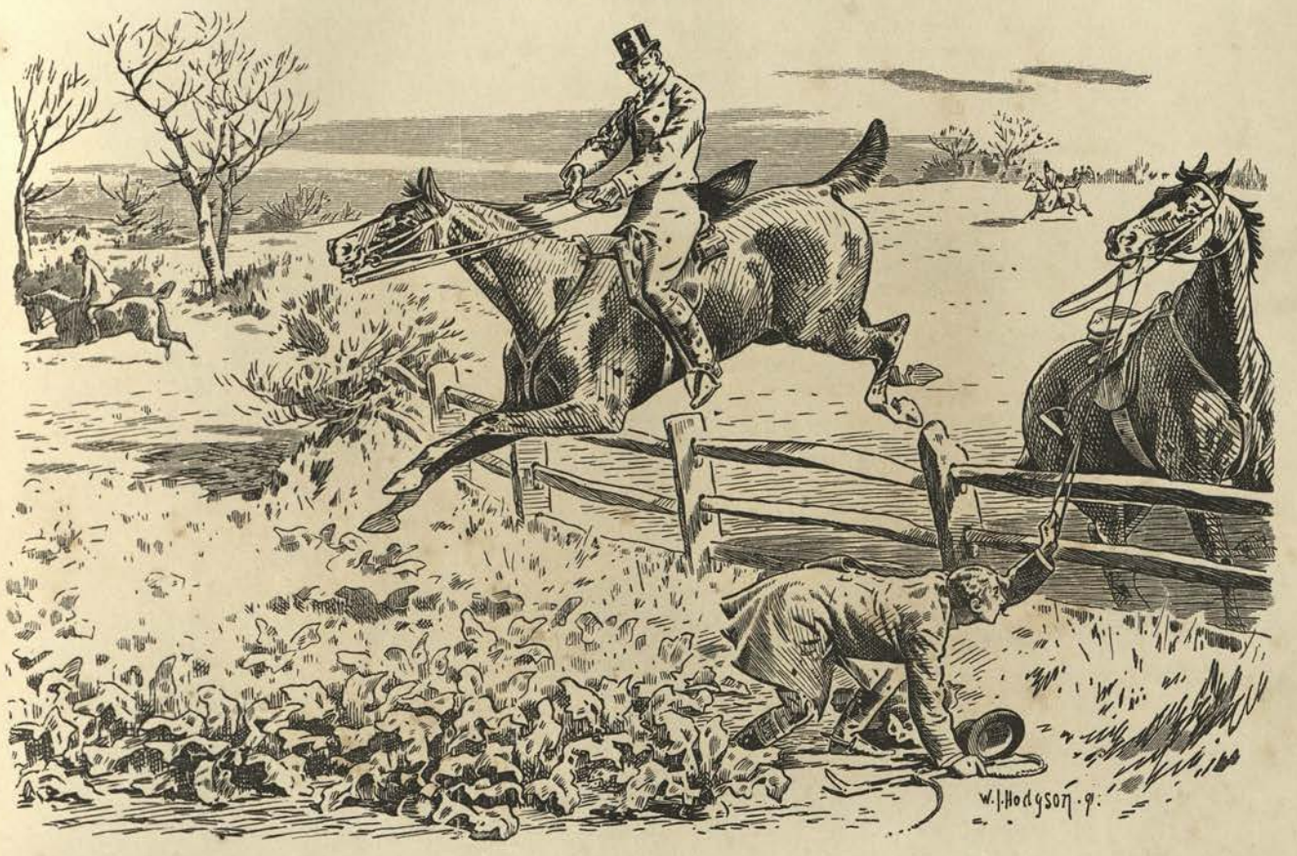
HAD HIM THERE!

Uncle Jim. "HERE'S HALF A MINCE PIE FOR YOU, TOMMY. I NEED HARDLY REMIND A PERSON OF YOUR CLASSICAL CULTURE THAT '*THE HALF IS GREATER THAN THE WHOLE!*'"

Tommy. "QUITE SO, UNCLE. BUT, AS I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY, I'LL ONLY TAKE A WHOLE ONE!"

DOWN ON HIM.

Treasurer of Subscription Pack. "HOLD HARD SIR! YOU ALWAYS PRESS THE HOUNDS AT A CHECK. WE SHOULD BE BETTER PLEASED IF YOU WOULD PRESS ME *WITH* A CHEQUE!"



FACETIOUS.

Hard-riding Individual (to Friend, whose Horse has refused with dire results). "HELLO! CHARLEY, OLD MAN, HOW ARE TURNIPS LOOKING DOWN IN THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

MUSIC AT HOME.

Mistress (who can't bear Kitchen Music). "ISN'T THAT COOK, MARY, SINGING 'THE MINSTREL BOY'?"

Maid. "YES, MA'AM."

Mistress. "I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D LEAVE OFF!"

Maid. "YES, MA'AM—SO DREADFUL OUT OF TUNE ONE CAN'T JOIN IN, MA'AM!"

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

(A Reminiscence of Boxing-Day.)

Sir Gorgy Guzzles. "GOT A PAIN, HAVE YOU? WELL, SERVE YOU RIGHT! I *CANNOT* UNDERSTAND WHY YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS SHOULD THINK IT NECESSARY TO *MAKE PIGS OF YOURSELVES* ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY OF THE YEAR, JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO BE THE 25TH OF DECEMBER!"

The Page. "O, SIR, PLEASE SIR! CHRISTMAS MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO *YOU*, SIR. YOU AND HER LADYSHIP CAN PERFORM THAT HOPERATION HEVERY BLESSED DAY OF YOUR LIVES, S.R!" [*A Month's Notice.*

MANNERS.

Discontented Pauper (on the Christmas Dinner). "WELL, THIS IS THE WUST CHRIS'MAS DINNER AS EVER WE 'AD SINCE I'VE BEEN IN THE 'OUSE! I THINKS AS WHEN WE 'AS A DINNER PARTY, THE MASTER OUGHT TO AX US WHETHER WE LIKES IT WELL DONE AND WHETHER WE TAKES FAT, AND NOT CUT THE VITTLES AND SHOWL IT ON OUR PLATES ANYHOW!"

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Young Farmer. "NICE WARM RAIN—BRING THINGS OUT O' THE GROUND, WON'T IT?"

Reprehensible Old Widower. "DON'T MENTION IT! I'VE GOT TWO WIVES THERE ALREADY!"

A GLOOMY VIEW.

Passer-by (to Crossing Sweeper). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN 'APPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGHAMS AND A HACK CAB!"

THAT TERRIBLE CHILD!

Mr. ——. "SO YOUR NAME IS CHARLEY, IS IT? NOW, CHARLEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

Sharp Little Boy. "OH YES! BUT I DO, THOUGH."

Mr. ——. "WELL, WHO AM I?"

Sharp Little Boy. "WHY, YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN WHO KISSED SISTER SOPHY IN THE LIBRARY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, WHEN YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS THERE."

A KEEN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

"HELP A POOR BROKEN-DOWN TRADESMAN, MISS. MY TWO LAST RAZORS A BARGAIN—HEV 'EM BOTH FOR A SHILLING."

THE CARPET-DANCE.

First Whist-Player. "WHY, FUSBY, THERE'S YOUR WIFE DANCING! WHO'S HER PARTNER?"

Fusby. "O, GOODNESS KNOWS! SOME MEMBER OF THE *HUMANE SOCIETY*, I SHOULD IMAGINE!"

[She was a lovely girl twenty years ago—the good-for-nothing old wretch!—and the wife she'd been to him!

ARS PATET OMNIBUS.

Art-Critic. "'CALL YOURSELF A P'FESSIONAL CROSSIN'-SWEEPER, AN' CAN'T STRIKE A BETTER WOLUTE THAN THAT!—AN' SOUTH KENSI'TON OPEN THREE DAYS A WEEK FREE GRATIS!!"

A RELIABLE GUIDE.

Country Boy. "WHAT'S HE A DOIN' OF?"
Town Boy. "WHY, A VINDIN' UP THE CHURCH CLOCK, STOOPID."

THE HAT DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

(Idea borrowed from the Tombs of the Cardinals in Rouen Cathedral.)

[THE CARDINALS' HATS ARE SUSPENDED OVER THE TOMBS BY LONG STRINGS FROM THE ROOF.]

OUR CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

The Rector (who conducts the Rehearsal). "SUPPOSE WE TRY THAT MOVEMENT AGAIN? I THINK, MR. FOOTLES, YOU WERE HALF A BAR BEHIND IN TAKING UP YOUR POINT. OH DEAR!—YOU'RE NOT GOING, MR. FOO——"

Mr. Footles (our Flauto Secondo, huffed). "YESSIR. 'F YOU'RE SO PERTIC'LAR'S T'ALF A BAR, I SHA'N'T JINE THE S'CIETY!!"

SUBACIDITIES.

Gladys. "OH, MURIEL DEAR, THAT HEAVENLY FROCK!—I THINK IT LOOKS LOVELIER EVERY YEAR!"

STUDIES IN REPARTEE.

Heavyside (Author of "Epaminondas" and other unread Epics). "BY THE BYE, HOW MUCH DO *YOU* WEIGH, BINKS?"

Little Binks. "FOURTEEN STONE!"

Heavyside. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY BIG, TO WEIGH ALL THAT!"

Little Binks. "'*EPAMINONDAS*' DOESN'T *LOOK* VERY BIG—BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HEAVY!"

EUPHEMISTIC.

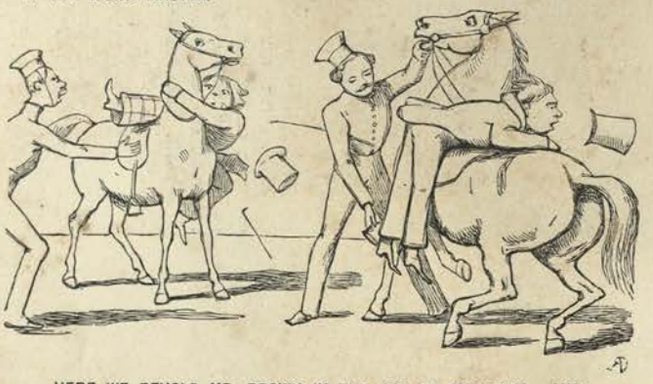
Colonel. "I'VE NEVER MET WITH A SMARTER DRILL THAN YOURSELF, SERGEANT, OR ONE MORE THOROUGHLY UP TO ALL HIS DUTIES; BUT YOU'VE ONE MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT, AND THAT IS YOUR CONSTANT USE OF BAD LANGUAGE, AND SWEARING AT THE MEN."

Sergeant. "SIR, PERHAPS I AM A LITTLE SARCASHTIC!"

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.—THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON CONCEIVE THE IDEA THAT "NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE A FEW LESSONS IN RIDING, BEFORE THE HUNTING SEASON COMES ON." THEY ARE HERE SEEN AT THE BARRACKS, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE RIDING-MASTER.

THEY ARE DELIVERED OVER TO A ROUGH-RIDER, WHO GOES FOR THE HORSES.



HERE WE BEHOLD MR. BROWN IN THE ACT OF MOUNTING,—AND,

HERE IS JONES AT THE MOMENT WHEN, AS HE AFTERWARDS REMARKED, "HE FELT AN AWKWARDNESS IN GETTING UP."

THE THREE GENTLEMEN, THAT THEY MAY GET GOOD SEATS, TRY TO TROT WITHOUT SADDLES.

BACK VIEW OF BROWN AS HE APPEARED TROTTING; LIKEWISE

ROBINSON DOING THE SAME.

ROBINSON FEELS SO MUCH IMPROVED BEFORE THE END OF THE LESSON THAT HE INSISTS ON TAKING "JUST A LITTLE" LEAP.

ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

"I WISH, MISTER, YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE *(reads)*: *'Hemily. Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence ! ! !'* "

A WET DAY AT A COUNTRY INN.

Guest. "IS THAT YOUR NOTION OF SOMETHING AMUSING!'

INNOCENT AND AMUSING LITTLE TRICKS FOR LITTLE BOYS.

AN OLD LADY IS CROSSING THE STREET, WHEN A LITTLE BOY SHOUTS OUT—"HI!" AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE. THE OLD LADY (ALTHOUGH INDEED THERE IS NO REAL CAUSE FOR ALARM) STARTS, AND BECOMES GREATLY AGITATED, AND IMAGINES THAT SHE IS RUN OVER BY AN OMNIBUS. THIS IS AN EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT TRICK.

THIS IS EQUALLY DIVERTING. A LITTLE BOY RUSHES BY AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND "YOWLS" LIKE A DOG. THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS TERRIFIED BEYOND MEASURE. IF AT THE SAME TIME THE LITTLE BOY SHOULD ALSO PINCH THE LEG OF THE OLD GENTLEMAN, THE FORCE OF THE JOKE IS MUCH HEIGHTENED.

"OH, THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!"

Greengrocer, Jun. (to whom our Little Friend in Velvet had applied for a piece of Mistletoe for his own private diversion). "I'VE GOT YER A BIT, MASTER GEORGE. IT AIN'T A VERY BIG PIECE, BUT THERE'S LOTS O' BERRIES ON IT; *AN' IT'S THE BERRIES AS DOES IT!!!*"

PRACTISING REPARTEE.

"HOW INATTENTIVE YOU ARE, TOMMY! WHAT I SAY GOES IN AT ONE EAR AND OUT OF THE OTHER! AND WHY DO YOU LEAN YOUR HEAD ON YOUR HAND LIKE THAT?"

"TO PREVENT WHAT YOU SAY GOING OUT AT THE OTHER EAR, MISS SHARP!"

A SURFEIT.

"YOU WON'T GO TO HEAVEN IF YOU'RE SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY, MICHAEL!"

"OH, WELL, ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO GO *EVERYWHERE!* I WENT TO THE CIRCUS YESTERDAY, AND TO THE PANTOMIME THE DAY BEFORE!"

SHOCKING!

Fair New-Englander (spending the Winter in the Old Country). "OH, WHAT A LOVE AND IS IT THE FIRST YOU HAVE SHOT THIS YEAR, CAPTAIN RASPER?"

A GREAT DRAWBACK.

Dougal (with all his native contempt for the Londoner). "AYE, MON, AN' HE'S NO A BAD SHOT?"

Davie. "'DEED AN' HE'S A VERRA *GUID* SHOT."

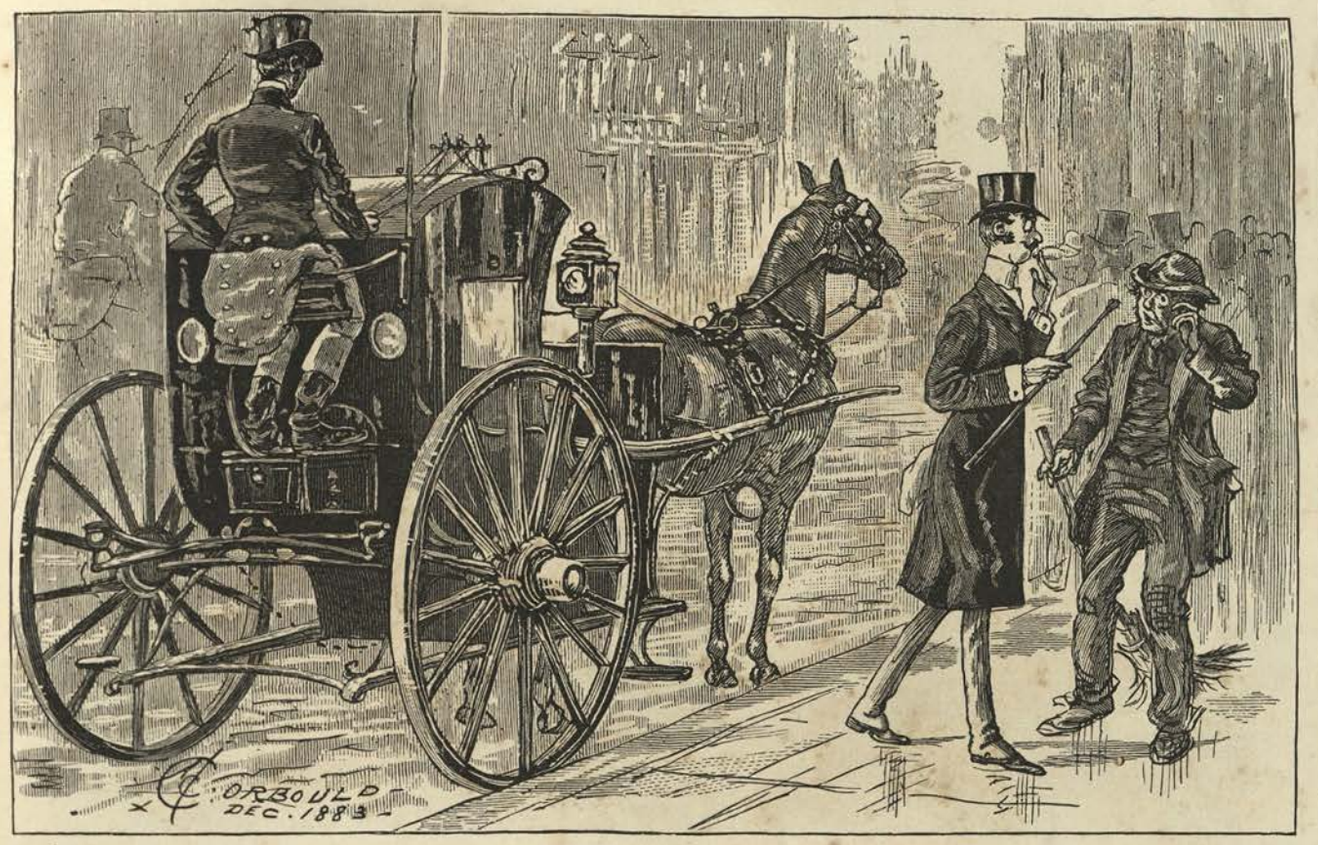
Dougal. "HECH! IT'S AN AWFU' PEETIE HE'S A LONDONER!"

CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

(Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation.)

"'AVE YER GOT SICH A THING AS A SECOND-HAND MURDER DEFENCE, GUV'NOR?"

"COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE BREACH OF PROMISE DEPARTMENT?"

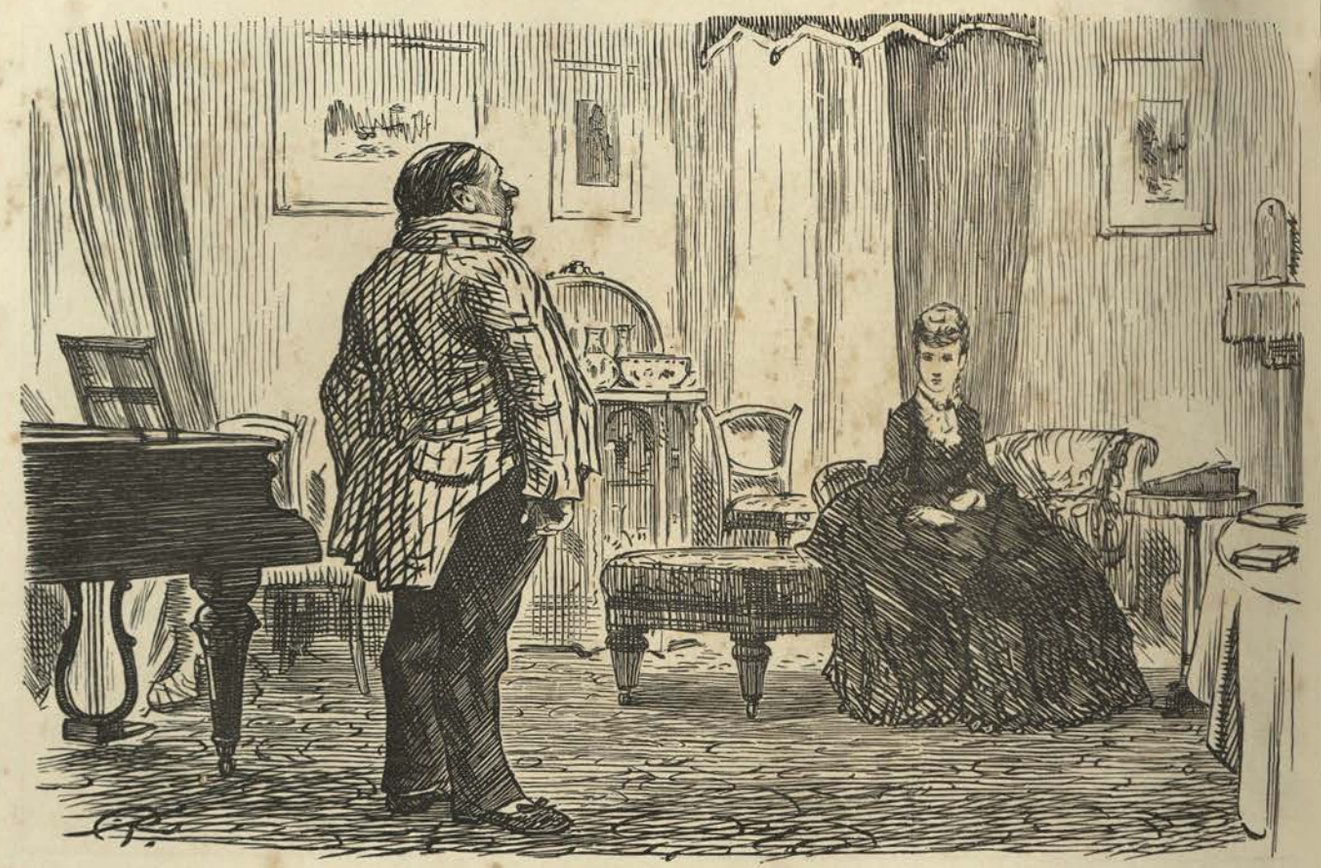


CHRISTMAS TIME.

Crossing-Sweeper (to Swell). "MERRY CHRIS'MAS, CAPTIN'! PITCH US A BROWN!" *(No answer. Insinuatingly.)* "HA' YER SICH A THING AS A BIT O' COLD PUDDIN' ABOUT YER, CAPTIN'?"

UNDIGNIFIED REMINDER.

Boy "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"

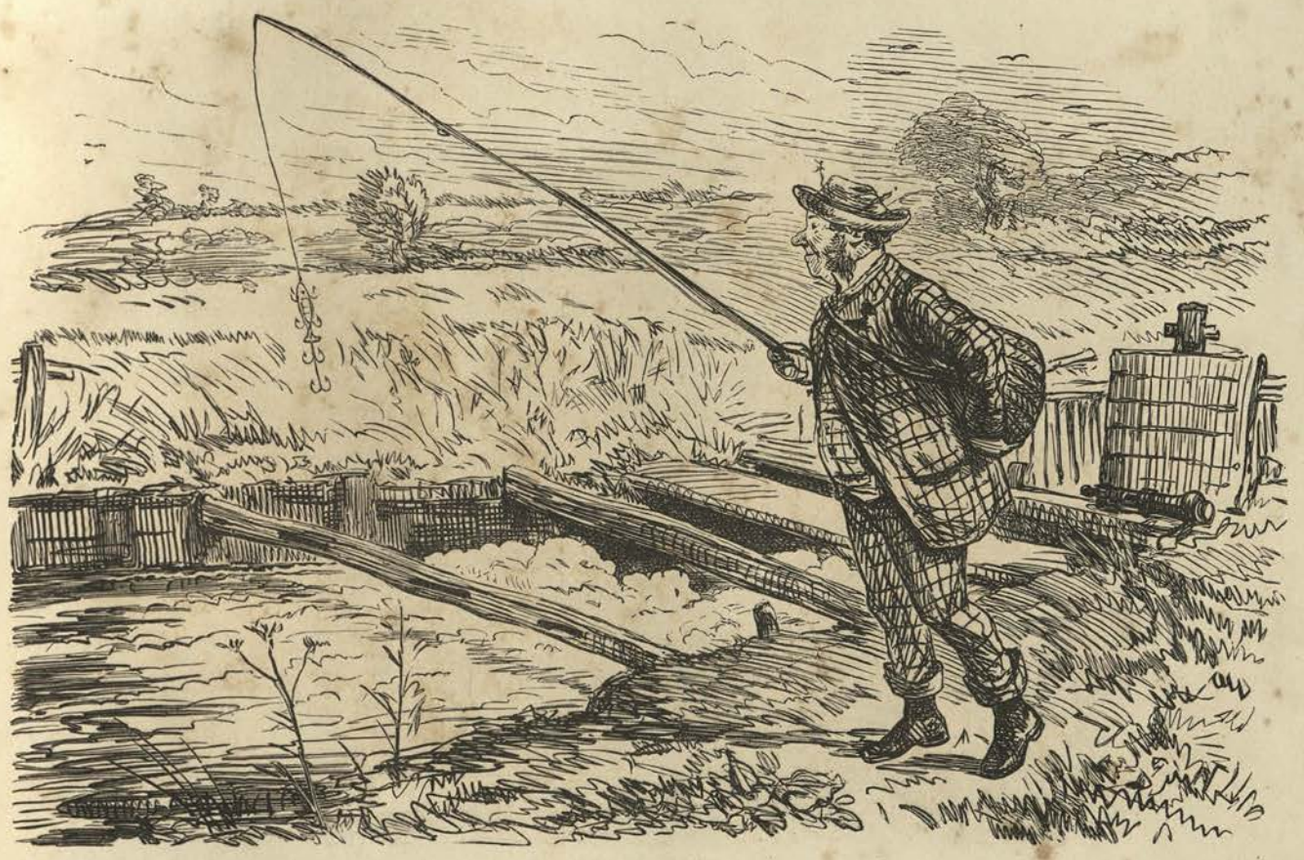


HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Mistress of the House. "I'VE SOME IMPORTANT LETTERS I WANT TAKEN TO THE POST, PROGMORE. HAVE YOU FINISHED DINNER DOWNSTAIRS YET?"
Butler. "NOT YET, MUM; THE 'ONGTRAYS' IS JUST A GOIN' IN."

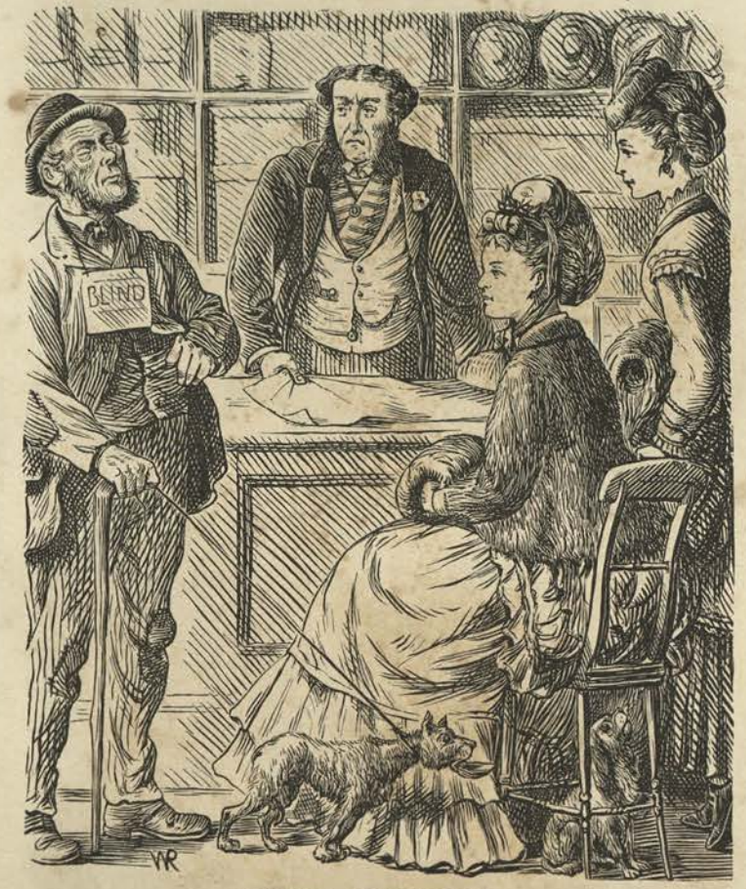
QUITE A NEW SENSATION.

Swell (on top of Omnibus). "LOOK HERE, GUS, MY BOY! SUCH A CAPITAL I-DEAW! I RIDE UP AND DOWN FROM BAYSWATA TO THE WHITE CHAPEL AND EAT PERIWINKLES WITH A PIN!"



A LIKELY BAIT.

Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIJ IS THE SORT OF *FLY*, I THINK!"



VERY NATURAL.

"THREE PENNIWORTH O' GIN, 'OT."

"BE OFF!—THIS AIN'T A GIN-SHOP."

"HAIN'T IT? WELL, I THOUGHT IT WAS, COS THE DAWG WOULD COME IN."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

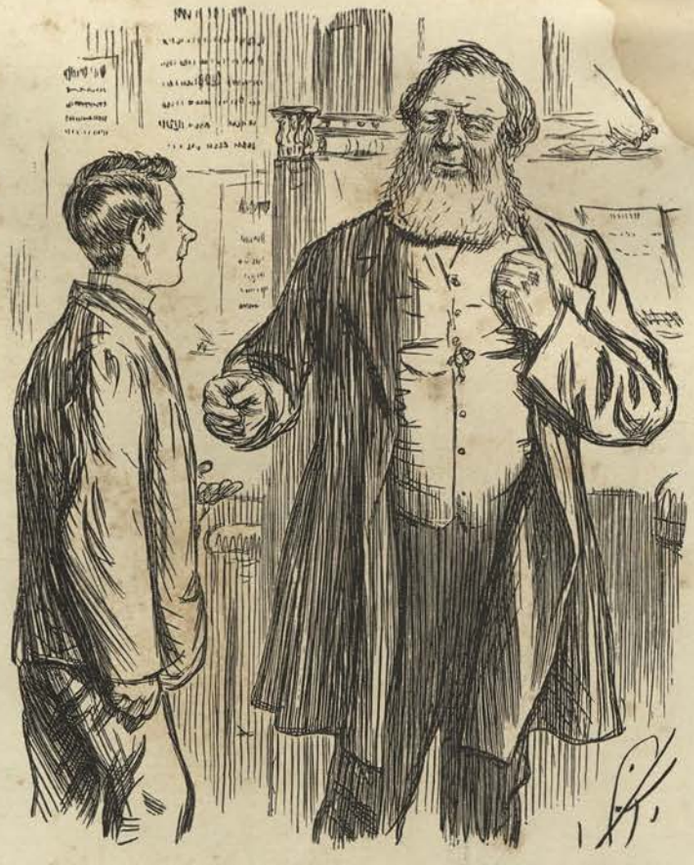
Fond Parent. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. STIMPSON. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO CUT THEIR HAIR MYSELF."

Mr. Stimpson. "SO I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MADAM!"

A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

Seedy Individual (suddenly and with startling vigour)—

"AOH? FLOY WITH ME ERCROSS THER SEA,
ERCROSS THER DORK LERGOON!!"



MORE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Pompous Merchant (to the Office Boy). "THERE, GEORGE!" *(Giving Christmas-Box.)* "AND I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A PLEASANT CHRISTMAS, AND THAT YOU'LL SPEND IT DECENTLY, AND AVOID INTEMP——"

George. "THANK YOU, SIR! THE SAME TO YOU, SIR!"

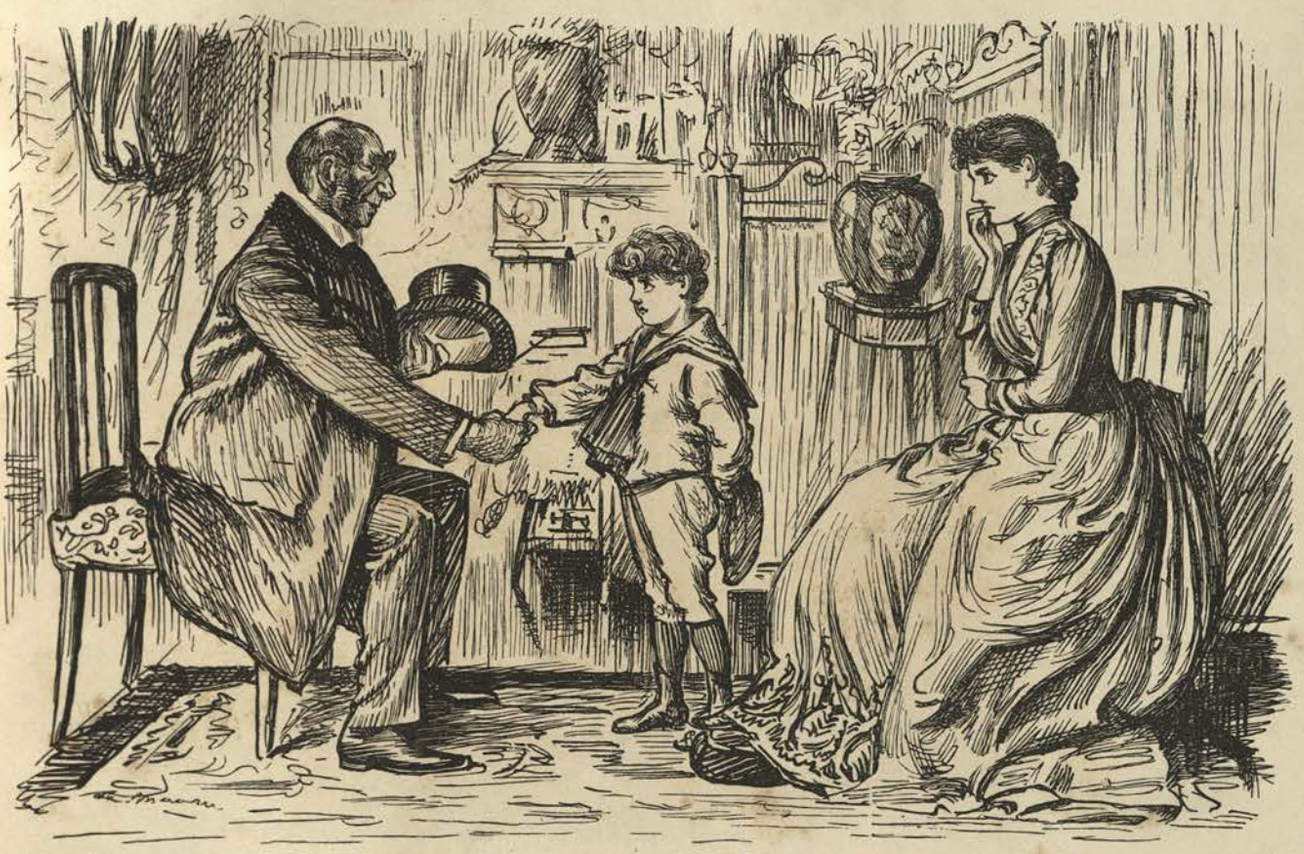
MAJOR AND MINIMUS.

Major (impatiently, to Page-Boy). "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU *LIFT* THE COAT ON TO MY SHOULDERS?"

A MISQUOTATION.

(By a Young Miss on an Old Master.)

"OH, PAPA! THEY'RE *ANGLES*, NOT *ANGELS!*"



ETYMOLOGY.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MY LITTLE MAN? I'M YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, YOU KNOW!"

"WHAT'S A *NEIGHBOUR?*"

"WELL—*NEIGH* MEANS *NIGH*; THAT IS, *NEAR*, AND——"

"OH, THANK YOU. I KNOW WHAT *BORE* MEANS!"

RATHER SUPERFLUOUS.

Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR. THREE PAIR O' STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."

SMART, FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

Old Lady. "OH, YOU BAD BOY! WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THAT HOLLY FROM? DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR CATECHISM ENJOINS YOU TO KEEP YOUR HANDS FROM 'PICKING AND STEALING?'" *Boy.* "YES, 'M, AND 'YAR' TONGUE FROM EVIL SPEAKIN', LYIN', AND SLANDERIN', TEW!"

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

"WELL, THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE. BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT."

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Master George (whispers). "I SAY! KITTY! HAS MAMMA BEEN TELLING YOU SHE'D GIVE YOU *A LOVELY SPOONFUL OF DELICIOUS CURRANT JELLY, O SO NICE, SO VERY NICE?*'"

Miss Kitty. "ESS! CULLEN' JELLY! O SO NI', SO WELLY NI'!"

Master George. "*THEN DON'T TAKE IT!!*"

"EMPLOYMENT."

First Loafer. "'SAY, MATE, IF THEY WAS TO PUT A SHOVEL IN YER 'ANDS, AN' TELL YER TO GO TO WORK. WOULD YER TAKE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD."

First Loafer. "WOULD YER USE IT?"

Second Loafer. "'COURSE I WOULD!—LIKE A SHOT! I'D SPOUT IT!"

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Doctor. "AND WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?"

Rustic Patient. "I'M A MARRIED MAN, SIR,—I'M——"!

A RUN WITH THE BARKSHIRE.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)

HORSE WAS BROUGHT ROUND.

GOT QUICKLY INTO THE SADDLE.

CAUGHT UP THE HOUNDS.

FOUND REYNARD AT HOME.

DREW REIN.

GOT THE BRUSH.

GAVE IT ITS HEAD.

TOOK A FIVE-BARRED GATE.

HOUNDS THROWN OUT.

RAN INTO HIM IN THE OPEN.

A SMART RUN.

A FRESH HORSE.

OUR SPORT AND ART EXHIBITION.

"ON THE SCENT."

DRAWING A BADGER.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

A CHOICE OF IDIOMS

Mr. Brown. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF *'SARNER FAIRY HANG,'* WHICH I HEAR YOU SAY IN ALL THE FRENCH SHOPS, WHEN THEY HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU WANT—WHICH THEY NEVER HAVE?"

Mrs. B. "OH, IT ONLY MEANS *'IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.'*"

Mr. B. "HOW ODD! NOW *I* ALWAYS SAY *'NIMPORT'!* BUT I DARE SAY IT COMES TO THE SAME IN THE END."

FRESH TO THE COUNTRY.

Young Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE MEET IS?"

Butcher's Boy (a recent importation from London). "YES, MUM. I JIST TOOK IT HUP TO THE 'ALL THIS MORNIN'!"

UNREASONABLE!

Our Dairyman (in dismay). "'ERE'S THE PUMP FROZE UP NOW! AND YET IF MILK RISES A 'A'PENNY A QUART, BRI'SH PUBLIC GRUMBLES!"

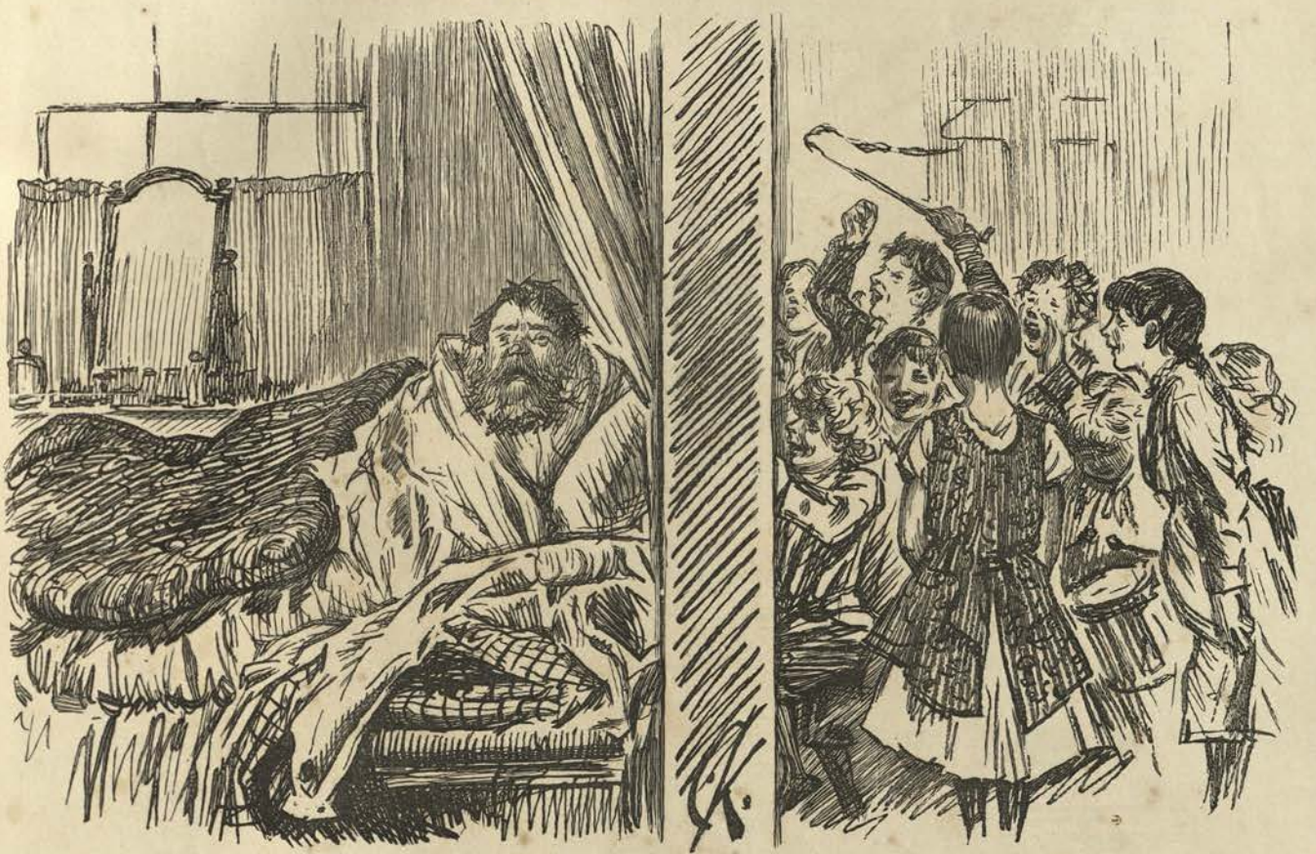
AN UNDERGROUND SELL.

First Passenger. "THEY SAY THEY'VE PUT ON DETECTIVES 'ERE, TO CATCH COVES AS TRAVELS WITHOUT TICKETS."

Second Passenger. "'AVE THEY? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, *I* CAN TRAVEL AS OFTEN AS I LIKE FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA, AND NOT PAY A 'APENNY!"

Detective. "SEE HERE, MATE; I'LL GIVE YOU HALF-A-CROWN IF YOU TELL ME HOW YOU DO IT."

Second Passenger (after pocketing the Half-Crown). "WELL,—WHEN I WANTS TO GIT FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA WITHOUT PAYIN'—*I WALKS!*"



"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," ETC.

(Scene—A Christmas Family Gathering at a Country House.)

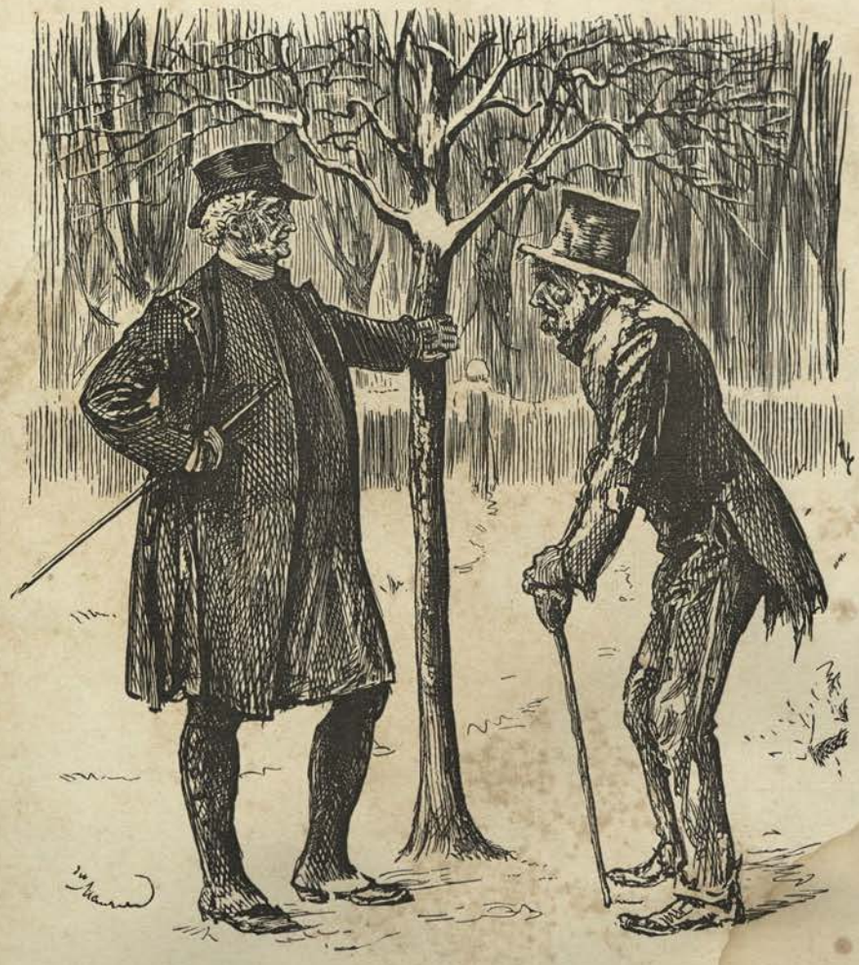
Old Bachelor Guest (violently awakened out of his morning snooze). "WHO'SH THERE?"

The Grandchildren (shouting in chorus, and banging at his door). "OH, MR. BULKLEY—PLEASE—MR. BULK'EY—TO GET UP—AND GO ON THE POND—'PA SAYS—'CAUSE—GRAN'MA SAYS—WE MAY—IF IT'LL BEAR YOU—IT'LL BEAR US!!"

A MARRIED "MASHER."

Indignant Wife. "AND PRAY, ALGERNON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING HOME AT *THIS* TIME OF NIGHT?"

Festive Husband. "EVERY OTHER P-P-PLACE WAS SHUT, MY LOVE!"



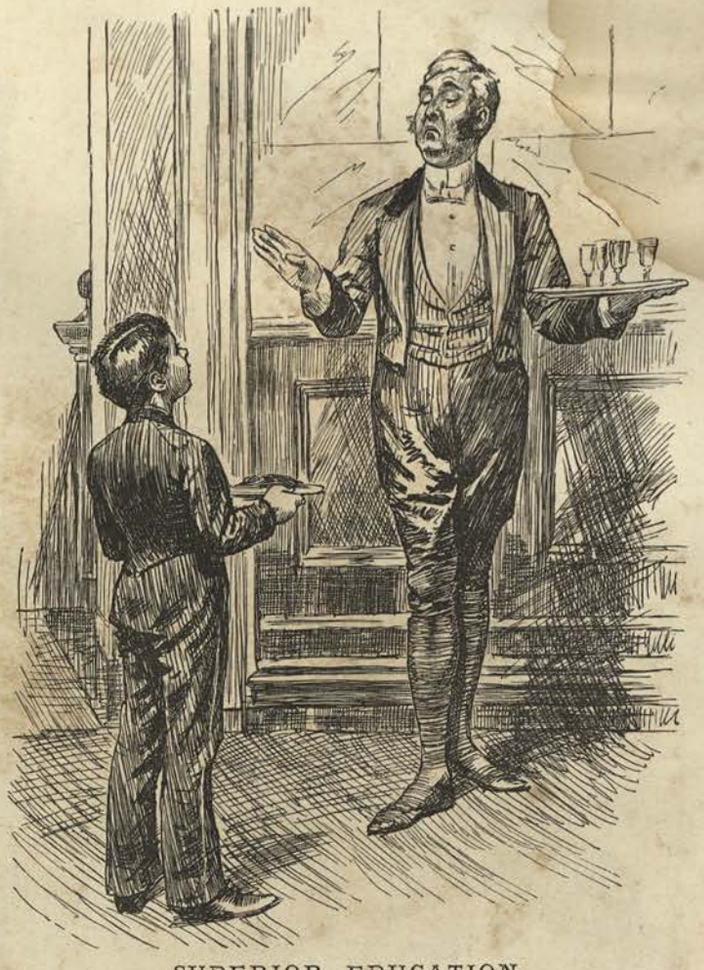
CONSOLATION.

Mr. Dean (sympathetically). "AH, MY POOR FELLOW, YOUR CASE IS VERY SAD, NO DOUBT! BUT REMEMBER THAT THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES TOO. I DARE SAY, NOW, *YOU* CAN SCARCELY *REALISE* WHAT IT IS NOT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND AN INVESTMENT WHICH WILL COMBINE *ADEQUATE SECURITY* WITH A *DECENT INTEREST ON ONE'S MONEY!*"

TAKING HIM RATHER TOO LITERALLY.

Sir Biggan Burleigh (who doesn't see why he shouldn't have a turn in his own house, to very young Lady). "MISS VIOLET,—ROUND OR SQUARE?"

Miss Violet (her first ball, very bashful). "WELL—REALLY—SIR BURLEIGH—IF YOU INSIST—I SHOULD SAY"—*(hesitating)*—"DECIDEDLY *ROUND!*"



SUPERIOR EDUCATION.

Page Boy (to Jeames). "WHERE SHALL I PUT THIS 'ERE DISH OF AMMONDS?"

Jeames (with dignity). "I'M SURPRISED, HARTHUR, THAT AT YOUR HAGE YOU 'AVEN'T LEARNT 'OW TO PERNOUNCE THE *HAR* IN HARMONDS!"

THE "ÉDITION DE LUXE."

POLITENESS!

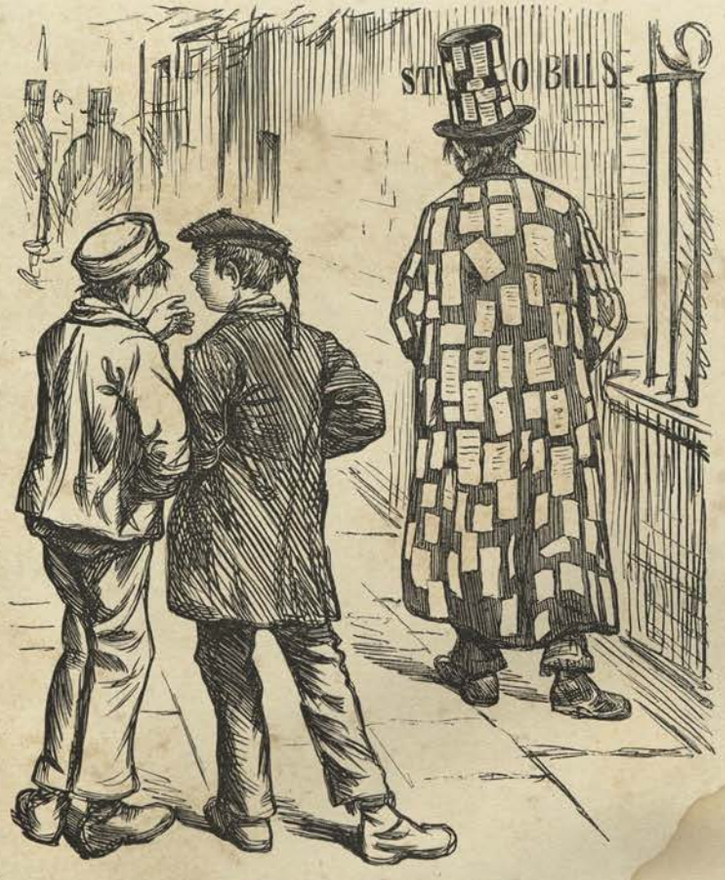
Bill. "WELL, JIM! HOW BE YOU TO-DAY?"
Jim. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?—YOU BEAN'T MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"

GRATITUDE.

Fastidious Vagrant. "AND THEY 'AIN'T 'ALF BUTTERED! I COULD 'A DONE AS WELL IF I'D GONE UP THE LANE TO THE 'UNION!'"

JONES,

AS HE APPEARED WHEN BEING TOLD THAT HE WAS "SO DREADFULLY SATIRICAL."



AWFUL WARNING.

Street Boy. "THERE! IF YOU GO STICKIN' O' BILLS ABOUT, THEY'LL SERVE YOU LIKE THEY'VE DONE 'IM!"

JUICE OF THE GRAPE. (?)

Youth. "GRAN'PA, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF 'GLASS OF PORT WINE FROM THE WOOD'?"

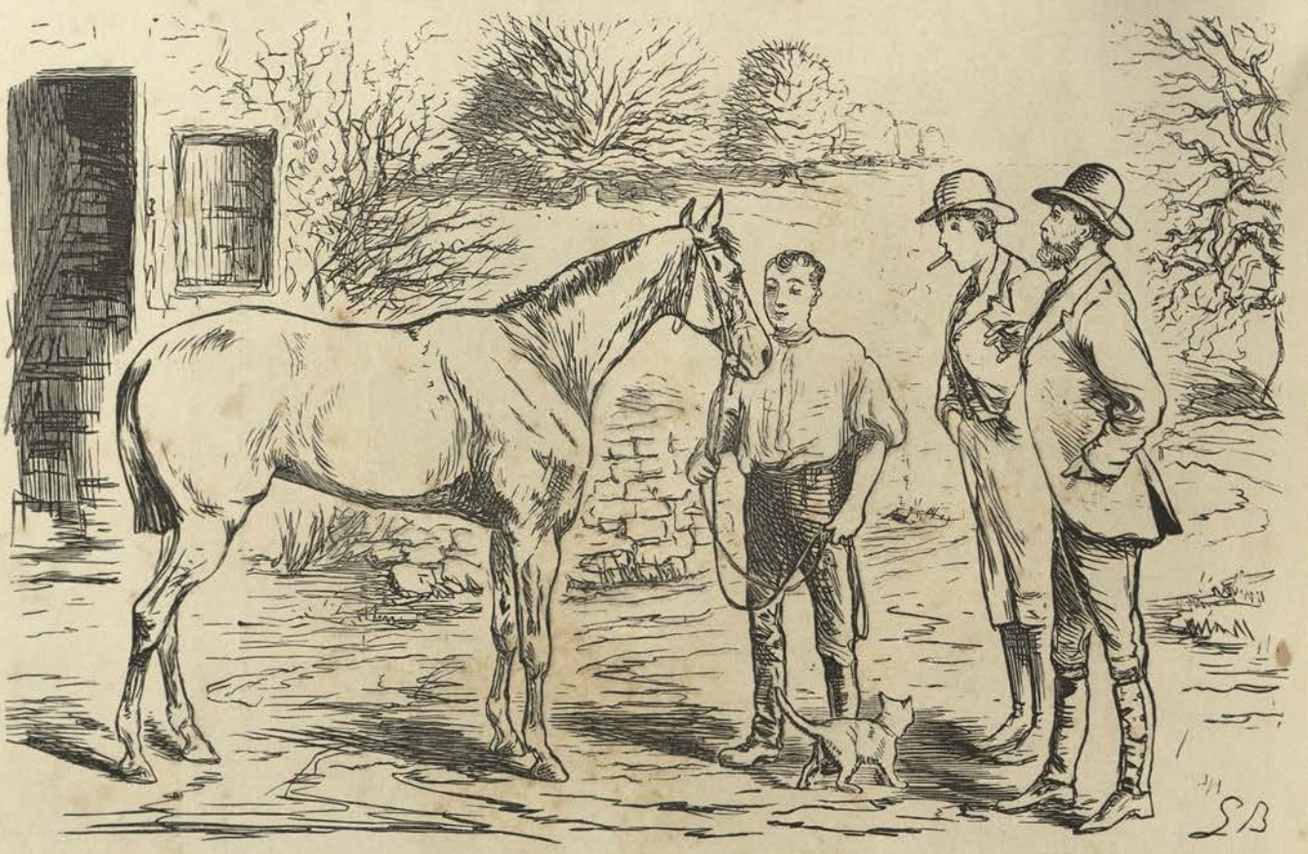
Gran'pa (Gentleman of the Old School). "LOGWOOD, MY DEAR BOY, NOW-A-DAYS!—LOGWOOD! LOGWOOD!!" *[Chuckles.*

MARK TAPLEY, JUN.

Paterfamilias. "HULLO, TOMMY, YOU'RE UP EARLY! WHEN DO YOU RISE WHEN YOU'RE AT SCHOOL?"

Tommy. "O, ANY TIME WE LIKE; BUT *WE MUSTN'T BE LATER THAN HALF-PAST SIX.*"

A KILLING (AND SLEIGHING) LITTLE PARTY.



A DOUBTFUL DEAL.

Master (inspecting new Horse, sent home last night). "H'M! HA! DON'T LIKE HIM SO WELL AS I DID YESTERDAY! DON'T LIKE HIS SHOULDERS! DON'T LIKE HIS FORE-LEGS!"—*(Pause)*—"I SAY, CHARLEY, *DO YOU THINK IT IS THE ONE I BOUGHT?*"

VERY POLITE.

Obsequious Perfumer (log.). "MR. HAIROIL WILL BE AT LIBERTY IN FIVE MINUTES, MA'AM; WOULD YOU ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU A SEAT?"

A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

Head of Select Establishment (awfully). "MISS MARY CAROLINE PSYCHE, *THIS* WAS FOUND UNDER YOUR PILLOW.—*(Reads.)*—'I DO AVOW THAT I AM THINE, O WILT THOU BE MY VALENTINE?—FROM YOUR SPOONEY COUSIN, G.'—*SPOONEY* COUSIN! ODIOUS VULGARISM! WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU—INDULGING IN SUCH PERILOUS AND DISPEPUTABLE PRACTICES?"

Miss Psyche. "PLEASE, MISS BACBOARD, A *SPOON* IS INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF ARTICLES REQUIRED BY PUPILS COMING TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT."

GOOD GRACIOUS!!

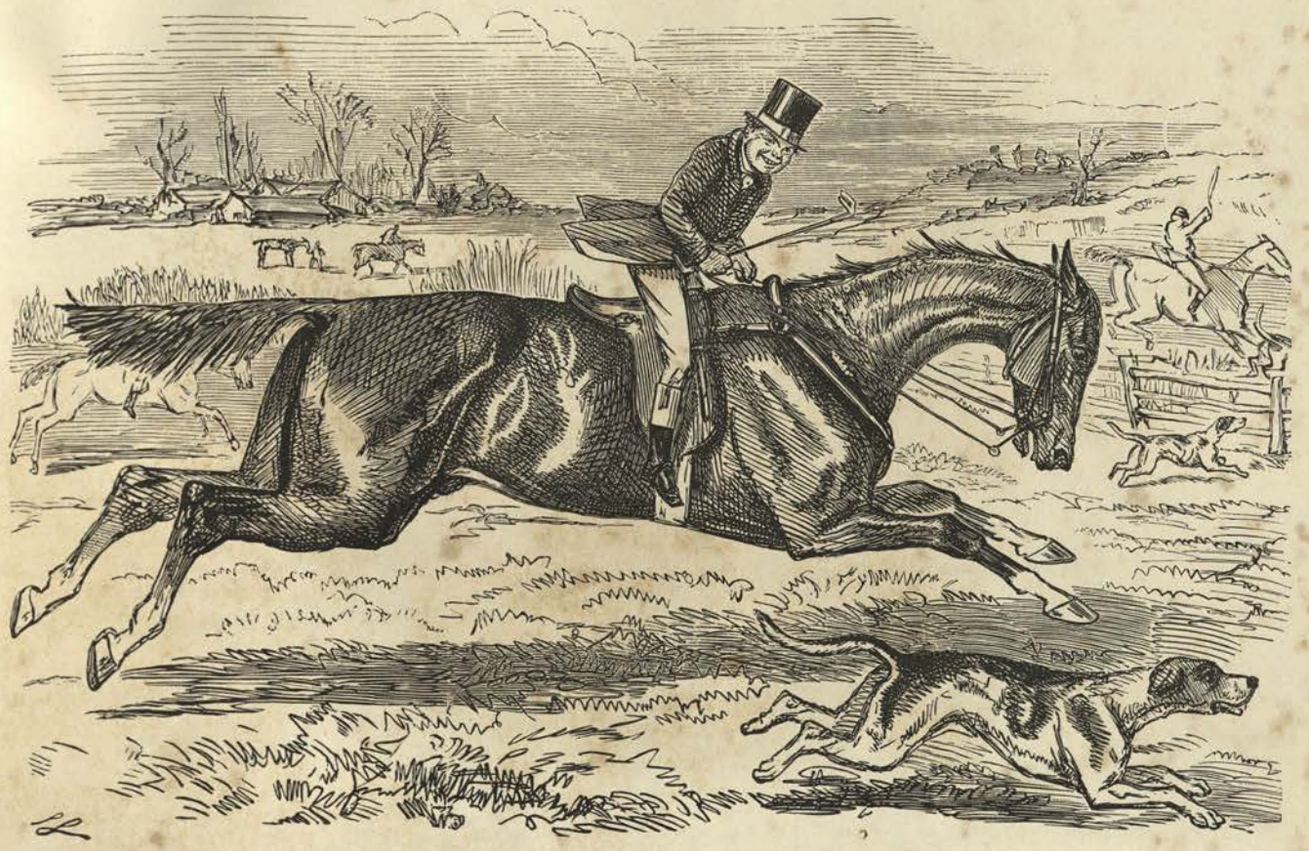
Volunteer (to Nervous Old Gentleman who is smoking). "PRAY BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR CIGAR, SIR! I'VE JUST DRAWN MY GRATIS AMMUNITION HERE, ENOUGH TO BLOW US ALL INTO——" *[Old Gentleman flings away his weed and himself off the Bus immediately.*

COUNTER IRRITATION.

"MIND WHAT I'M A WRITING? SIR! I'LL LAY YOU A SHILLING 'MORE ANTIKE' 'S SPELT WITH A K."

THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON

Master (with pumped-out horse). "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"



Rascally Boy (with delightfully fresh animal). "OH DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! *I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE!*"

PERFUNCTORY.

"CAN I HAVE A DANCE?"—"OH YES. NUMBER EIGHTEEN!"
"THA-ANKS! ONLY I SHAN'T BE HERE!"—"NO MORE SHALL I!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"WELL, BUT IF YOU CAN'T BEAR HER, WHATEVER MADE YOU PROPOSE?"
"WELL, WE HAD DANCED THREE DANCES, AND I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY!"

SAWBATH RECREATION.

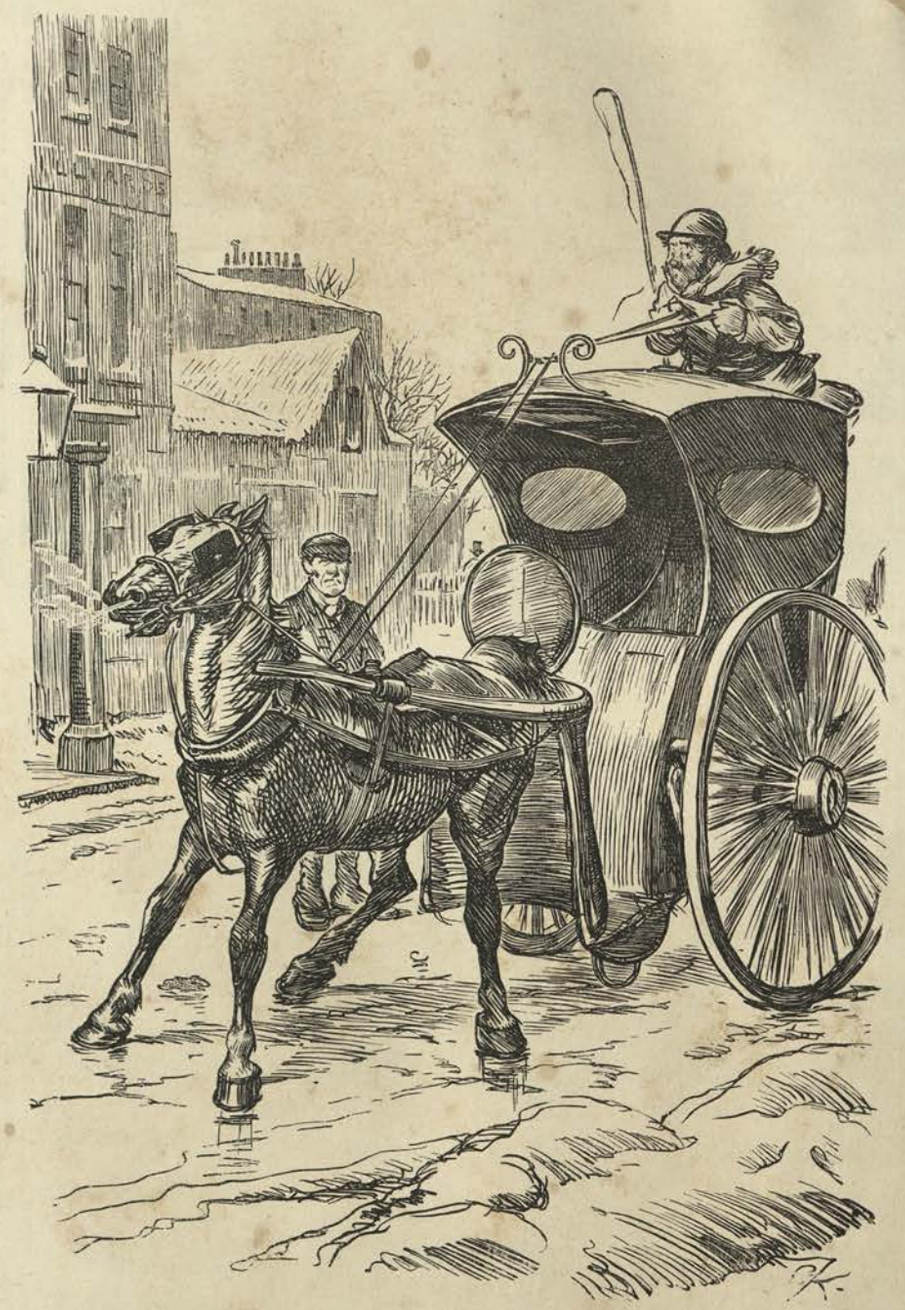
Gentleman from N. B. (he had sent his Presbyterian Butler to a service at Westminster Abbey). "WELL, DUGALD, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"

Dugald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT WAS MAIR LIKE HEEV'N THAN AIRTH; BUT E—H, SIR, IT'S JUST AN AWFU' WAY O' SPENNIN' THE SAWBATH, YON!!"

A NEAT REMINDER.

Affable Old Gent (who has just paid, but inadvertently forgotten the usual douceur). "NOT MUCH BUSINESS DOING JUST NOW, APPAR'NTLY."

Waiter (severely). "NO, SIR. 'SEEMS TO ME THAT ALL THE GENTLEMEN HAVE LEFT TOWN!" *[Old Gent recollects himself.*



SLIPPERY!

Stableman (out of work). "HOLLO, SAM! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Cabby (who can hardly keep his Horse on his legs). "WO—O! WHY RIGHT OVER THE CAB, AND OUT O' MY MIND!"

THE ANIMATED EGG.

"OH, MA! AIN'T THIS A WHACKING SNOWBALL? AND COUSIN CHARLEY IS INSIDE!"

A CLINCHER.

"GET UP, AND SEE THE TIME, EVA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL IT."—"NO MORE DO I."
"O, YOU HORRID STORY-TELLER, I TAUGHT YOU MYSELF!"

"OH, THE RECORDERS——"
Hamlet, Act iii., Scene 2.

Ophelia. "THERE'S FENNEL FOR YOU, AND COLUMBINES."
Hamlet, Act iv., Scene 5.

HAVING A PAIR ON!

Skater. "HI!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"

Skate Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"

LIMITED LIABILITY.

Worthy Magistrate. "PRISONER, YOU HEAR WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAYS, THAT YOU, AND SOME TEN OR TWELVE OTHER BOYS NOT YET IN CUSTODY, WERE SEEN IN THE ACT OF DEMOLISHING A STREET LAMP; NOW WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"

Prisoner. "SO PLEASE YER WORSHOP, AS THERE WAS MORE NOR TEN OF US ENGAGED IN THE TRANSAGTION, WHY I PLEADS LIMITED LIABILITY."

PERFECTLY PLAIN.

Young Wife. "OH, I'M SO HAPPY! HOW IS IT YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED, MISS PRYMME?"

Miss Prymme. "MY DEAR, I NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED—AND NEVER WOULD ACCEPT—ANY OFFER OF MARRIAGE!"

[And then her Questioner began softly playing the old Air, "Nobody axed you."

THE NEW SCIENCE.

Uncle Jack. "ULLO, MY DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU AND EDWIN NOT BEEN QUARRELLING, I HOPE?"

Angelina. "NO, UNCLE JACK; BUT WE'VE BEEN TO SIGNOR GAMMONIO, THE PALMIST, TO HAVE OUR HANDS EXAMINED, AND HE SAYS WE ARE NOT SUITED TO EACH OTHER, AND OUGHT TO BREAK IT OFF AT ONCE!"

SO ARTLESS!

Scene—A Cinderella Dance.

Swell (to ingenuous Maiden). "ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Ingenuous Maiden. "NO—BUT—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO BE!"

[*And, as the old game has it, the consequences were——?*

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH,

BEFORE HE TURNS LIKE A CRUSHED WORM.

Our Art Critic (patronisingly). "HA—HUM! WELL, YOUR COLOUR IS FAIRLY DECENT, AND YOU HAVE NICEISH FEELING FOR LIGHT AND SHADE, AND *CHIAROSCURO*. BUT WHERE YOU ALWAYS FAIL TO PLEASE, SOMEHOW, IS IN YOUR *EXECUTION!*"

Our Artist. "MY *EXECUTION?* AH! JUST SO. I'VE NO DOUBT THAT *YOURS*, NOW, WOULD BE MORE GENERALLY POPULAR!"

THE PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

AFTER LUNCHEON THE "BEATING" IS A LITTLE WILD.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

(The Horse did, and this is the Result.)

A BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"

"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."

"DANG THE SHILD, THEE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"

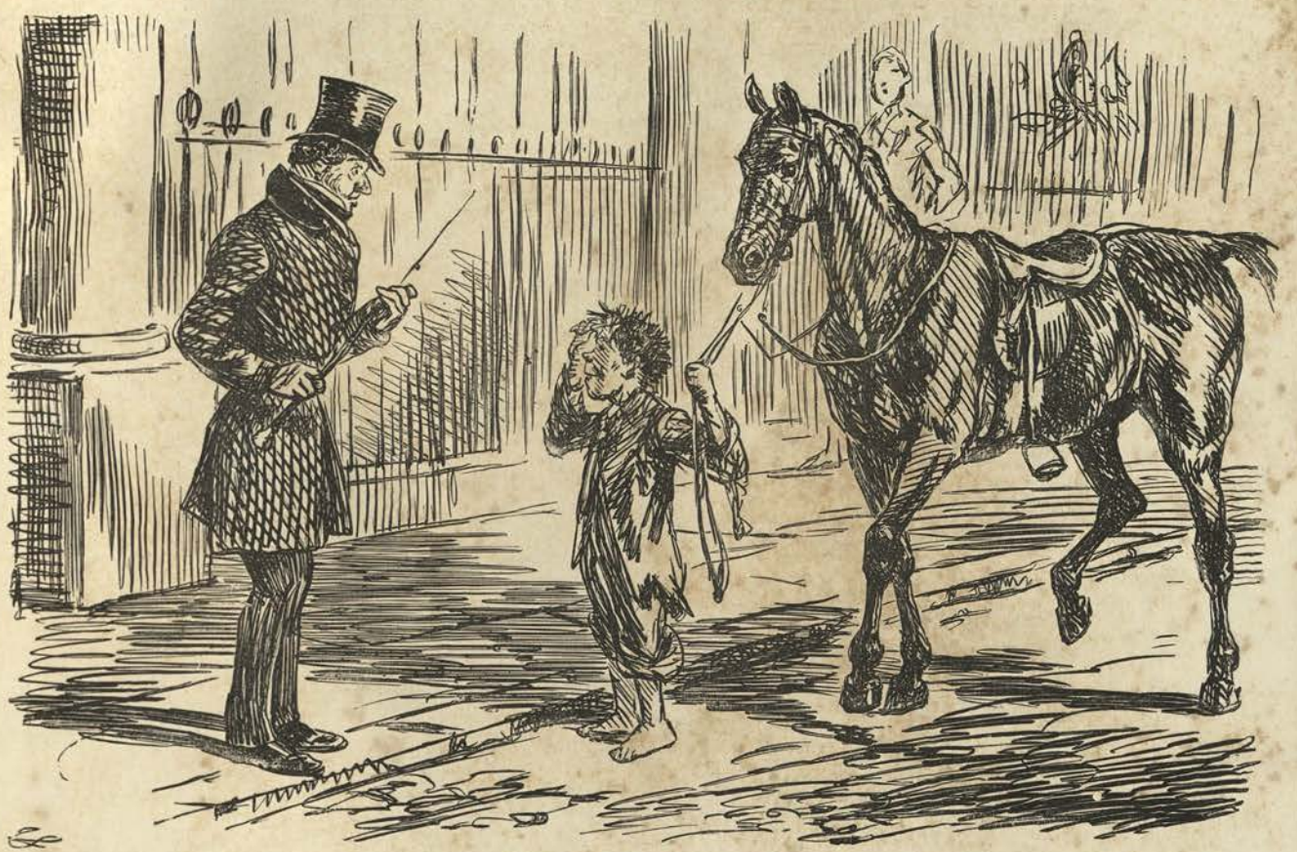
EXPRESS.

Old Gent. "THIS OSCILLATION IS VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, ISN'T IT? WE SEEM TO BE GOING A TREMENDOUS PACE!"

Swell. "AW—YA—AS! THEY'RE MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. I'VE JUST TIMED 'EM, AND WE'VE DONE THE LAST NINE MILES IN SIX MINUTES AND A HALF. HAVE A SMASH, PRESENTLY, AW—THINK!"

VERY INTERESTING.

"AND SO MISSUS SAYS, MARY, SHE SAYS, TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, SHE SAYS—AND SO I SAYS, ME, MARM? I SAYS—AND WITH THAT, THAT'S HOW IT WAS, YER SEE"—"LOR!"



DOING A LITTLE BUSINESS.

Old Equestrian. "WELL BUT—YOU'RE NOT THE BOY I LEFT MY HORSE WITH?"

Boy. "NO, SIR. I JIST SPEKILATED, AND BOUGHT 'IM OF T'OTHER BOY FOR A HARPENNY!"

"RELAPSE."

Squire. "WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEETOTALLER!"

Pat. "YES, YER HONNOR. I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKING INSIDE!"

POLITICS AND PASTE.

Conservative Curate. "THEN YOU THINK WE ARE GETTING ON PRETTY WELL, MR. GUMMIDGE?"

Ditto Billsticker. "O, YES, SIR! BLESS YER, THE LIBERAL PASTE AIN'T NOTHINK TO OURN—IT'S HALF WATER!"

"A GOOD STAYER."

THE DEALER SAID, "THE MARE COULD STAY FOR EVER." SHE SEEMED INCLINED TO DO SO WHEN JONES WISHED TO BE AFTER THE HOUNDS.

A VERY ORTHODOX ANIMAL.

Bishop. "DOESN'T SHY, EH, MR. PERKINS?"

Horsedealer. "SHY? NEVER! STOP, MY LORD. I MUST BE HONEST WITH YOU. I DID KNOW HIM SHY ONCE—BUT THAT WAS AT A SALVATIONIST ARMY PASSIN' BY!"

[Bishop buys Horse at once.

NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE!

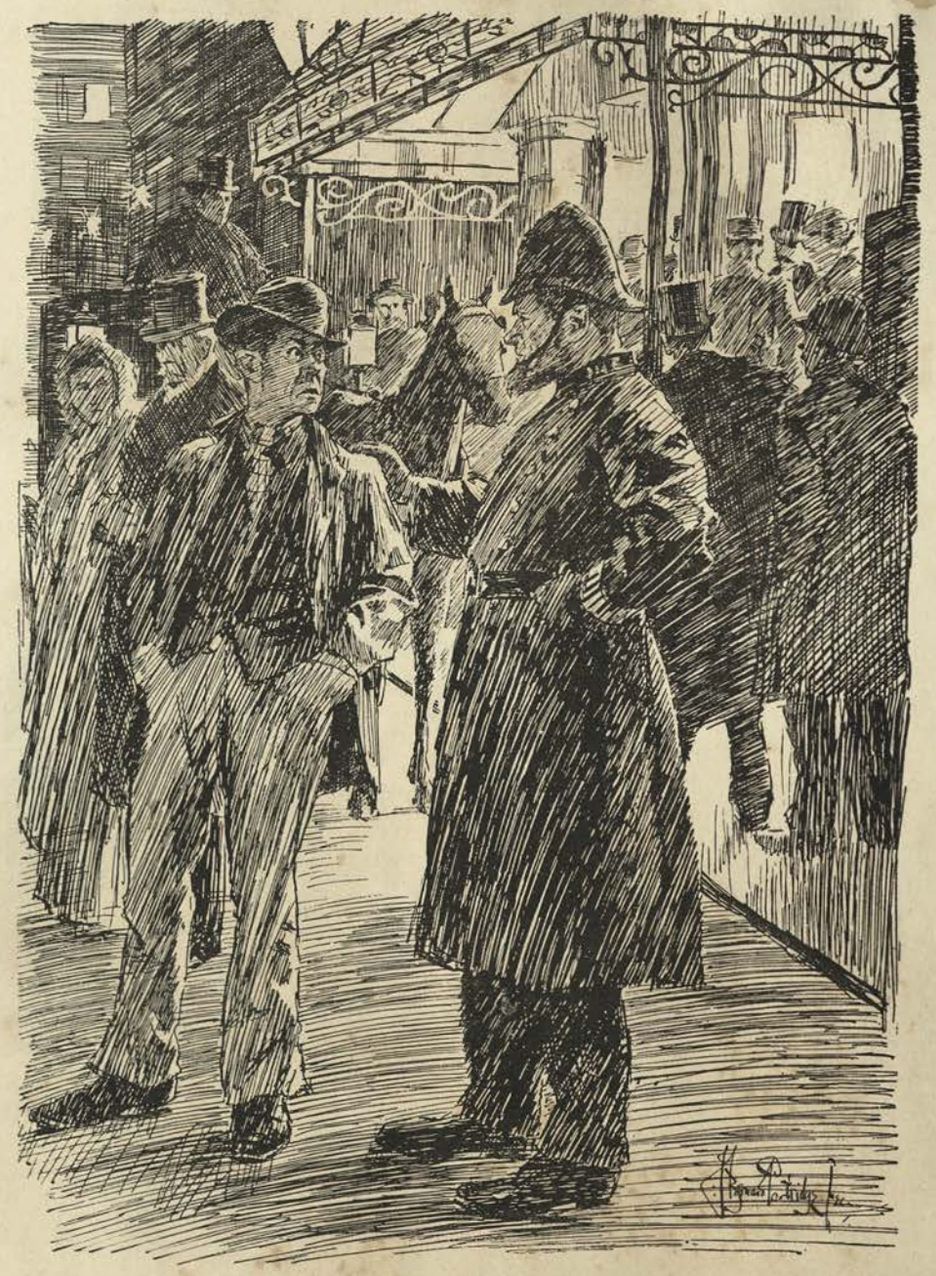
Dr. Cockshure. "MY GOOD SIR, WHAT *YOU* WANT IS THOROUGH ALTERATION OF CLIMATE. THE ONLY THING TO CURE *YOU* IS A LONG SEA VOYAGE!"

Patient. "THAT'S RATHER INCONVENIENT. YOU SEE I'M ONLY JUST HOME FROM A SEA VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD!"

FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

"JUST MAKE IT A COUPLE OF SHILLINGS, CAPTAIN DEAR!"—"NO!" "EIGHTEENPENCE THEN, MAJOR!"—"NO!"
"OCH THIN, COLONEL DARLING, JUST THREPPENCE FOR A GLASS O' WHISKEY!"—"*NO*, I TELL YOU!"
"GIT OUT WID YE THIN, YE BOA CONSHTHRUCTOR, SURE AN' I KNOW'D YE ALL THE TOIME!"

[*N.B.—The Fare is the Head of an Eminent Firm of Furriers in Kilcronan Street, and cultivates a martial appearance.*



EUPHEMISM.

Cab Tout (exasperated by the persistent attentions of Constable). "LOOK 'ERE, OLE LIGHTNIN'-KETCHER, W'ERE THE MISSIN' WORD ARE YER SHOVIN' US TO?"

LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IN ORDER TO HUSBAND OUR JUDICIAL STAFF, IN FUTURE A JUDGE WILL BE EXPECTED TO HEAR TWO CASES AT THE SAME TIME.

PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE TRYING A THEATRICAL "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE," AND A NICE QUESTION AS TO A "REMAINDER-MAN" AND A "TENANT IN TAIL MALE."

A LESSON IN FRENCH.

Fräulein Schnips (who does not devote as much attention to the Toilet as she does to Study, addresses Master Edward, who has been made to join in his Sister's lessons during his holidays). "EDFARD, FOT IS 'I VASH MY HANDS' IN FRENCH?"

Master Edward (sulkily). "JE ME LAVE LES MAINS."

F. S. "NOW DEN. 'I DO NOT VASH MY HANDS.' GU'EST-CE GUE C'EST GUE ÇA?"

Master Edward (seizing his opportunity). "EH BIEN, C'EST UNE HABITUDE SALE, DONT VOUS DEVRIEZ AVOIR HONTE!"

STAUNCH.

Old Lady (who had been buying Eggs). "'DEED, MR. MCTREACLE, BUTCHERS' MEAT'S SAE DEAR NOW-A-DAYS AH'M NO ABLE TO BUY 'T!"

Grocer. "YOU SHOULD TURN A VEGETARIAN——"

Old Lady. "A VEGETARIAN!—NA, NA! AH WAS BORN AN' BROCHT UP I' THE FREE KIRK, AN' A'M NO GAUN TA CHANGE MA RELEEGION I' M' AULD DAYS!"

LEX TALIONIS.

Philanthropic Old Lady. "BLESS ME, CHILD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT DREADFUL BLACK EYE?"

Street Arab. "MOTHER! BUT—*(triumphantly)*—AH GAT HER THREE MONTHS FOR'T, AH CAN TELL YE!"

AN ENTHUSIAST

WHO THINKS THAT IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

SEEN FROM A PASSING TRAIN DURING A RECENT FROST

A HINT TO COACHMAKERS.

DESIGN FOR A NEW CONVEYANCE, TO BE CALLED THE "GOODY TWO-SHOES." THE "ACME" SKATE MAY BE REPLACED BY RINK-ROLLERS, FOR ORDINARY WEATHER.

"THE FIRM ROMAN TO GREAT EGYPT SENDS
THIS TREASURE OF AN OYSTER."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii., Scene 5.

Enter RATCLIFF.

K. Rich. "WHO'S THERE?"

Rat. "MY LORD, 'TIS I. THE EARLY VILLAGE COCK—"

Richard III., Act v., Scene 3.

A GOOD JUDGE.

Butler (to personal Friend). "THERE, MY BOY! I WONDER WHAT MY LORD WOULD GIVE, IF HE COULD GET SUCH A GLASS OF MADEIRA AS THAT!"

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Kate. "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ENTANGLED!"
Augustus. "DON'T CARE, I'M SURE—IF *YOU* DON'T."

A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES.

WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILE. HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER.

UNCLE FUSBY GIVES ONE OF HIS DELIGHTFUL LECTURES,

WITH A FEW SIMPLE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS, SUCH AS PHARAOH'S SERPENTS, THE MAGNESIUM WIRE, ETC. ALSO TO SHOW HOW GUNPOWDER CAN BE CONTAINED IN TWO INCOMBUSTIBLE POWDERS. STARTLING DÉNOÛMENT AND CHORUS OF DELIGHTED YOUNGSTERS, "OORAY!"

BAD CUSTOMER.

Landlady. "WHAT GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE IS THIS, SAM?"

Ancient Waiter. "GE'TLEMAN'S LUGGAGE, 'M! 'OR' BLESHYER, NO, MUM! THAT'S *ARTIS'S TRAPS*, THAT IS. THEY'LL 'AVE TEA HERE TO-NIGHT, TAKE A LITTLE LODGIN' TO-MORROW, AND THERE THEY'LL BE A LOAFIN' ABOUT THE PLACE FOR MONTHS, DOIN' NO GOOD TO NOBODY!"

SNOB-SNUBBING.

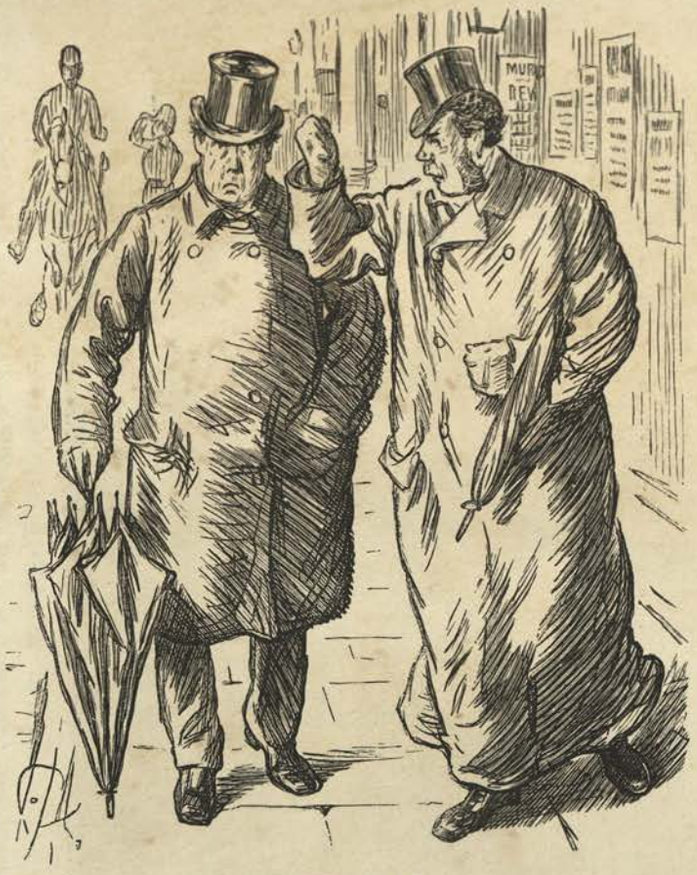
Snookson (who has got "Gentleman" on the Brain, and thinks himself one). "A—YAAS—JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW—A—I DON'T KNOW THAT I QUITE CALL HIM A *GENTLEMAN*, YOU KNOW."

Miss Sharp (who has a liking for Jones). "DON'T YOU REALLY? OH—BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT A VERY GOOD JUDGE!"

DISABILITY.

"OH—A—DAVIS, COULD YOU BLOW THE ORGAN FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON AT ST. ANN'S?"

"I DOUBT I WON'T BE MUCH USE, MISS. I 'AD BROWN-KITIS ONCE, AND DOCTOR SES AS I'M TOUCHED IN THE *WIND!*"



FORCIBLE.

"SHURE, SIR, HE OUGHT TO BE HUNG, IF HE'D AS MANNY LIVES AS PLUTAR-RCH!"

SPECULATION.

First City Man. "DROPPED UPON ANYTHING GOOD LATELY, BROWN?"
Second ditto. "WELL, I'VE INSURED IN THE 'ACCIDENTAL,' AND TAKEN TWENTY RINK TICKETS, AND BOUGHT A BICYCLE!!"

MISSUS-ISM,

OR WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT GALS?

Proud Mother (to the new Maid). "WE PARTED WITH SARAH, BECAUSE SHE WAS SO SHARP WITH OUR DEAR SWEET LITTLE HARRY, WHO HAS SUCH ANIMAL SPIRITS, YOU KNOW; THROWING EVERYTHING ABOUT, OR KICKING HIS FOOTBALL THROUGH THE WINDOW—PERHAPS HE'LL KICK YOU, TOO—BUT YOU MUST NOT MIND IT, FOR HE'S A *LION-HEARTED, SENSITIVE LITTLE FELLOW!!*"

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Bloated Saxon. "BUT SURELY, IS IT NOT THE FACT THAT OF LATE YEARS THE NUMBER OF ABSENTEES AMONG THE IRISH LANDHOLDERS IS NOT SO LARGE AS——"

Irish Guest. "OI BIG Y'R PAR-R-D'N, SOR! 'GIVE YE ME WOR-RD 'F HONOUR-R ME UNHAPPEE COUNTREE *SWA-AR-RM* WITH 'M 'T TH' PRIS'NT T-HIME!!"

An evasive Answer!

SCREAMING LATIN JOKE BY OUR ETON BOY.

A GOOD LIVER.

Frank. "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"

Grandpa. "EH! WHAT? SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"

Frank. "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK ISN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MIX YOU ONE!"

"TEMPERATURE."

Mrs. Purkset (née Gamp). "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT ONE O' THEM THUM-UM—THINGS, YER KNOW, SIR, AS REGGYLATES THE 'EAT OF A ROOM."

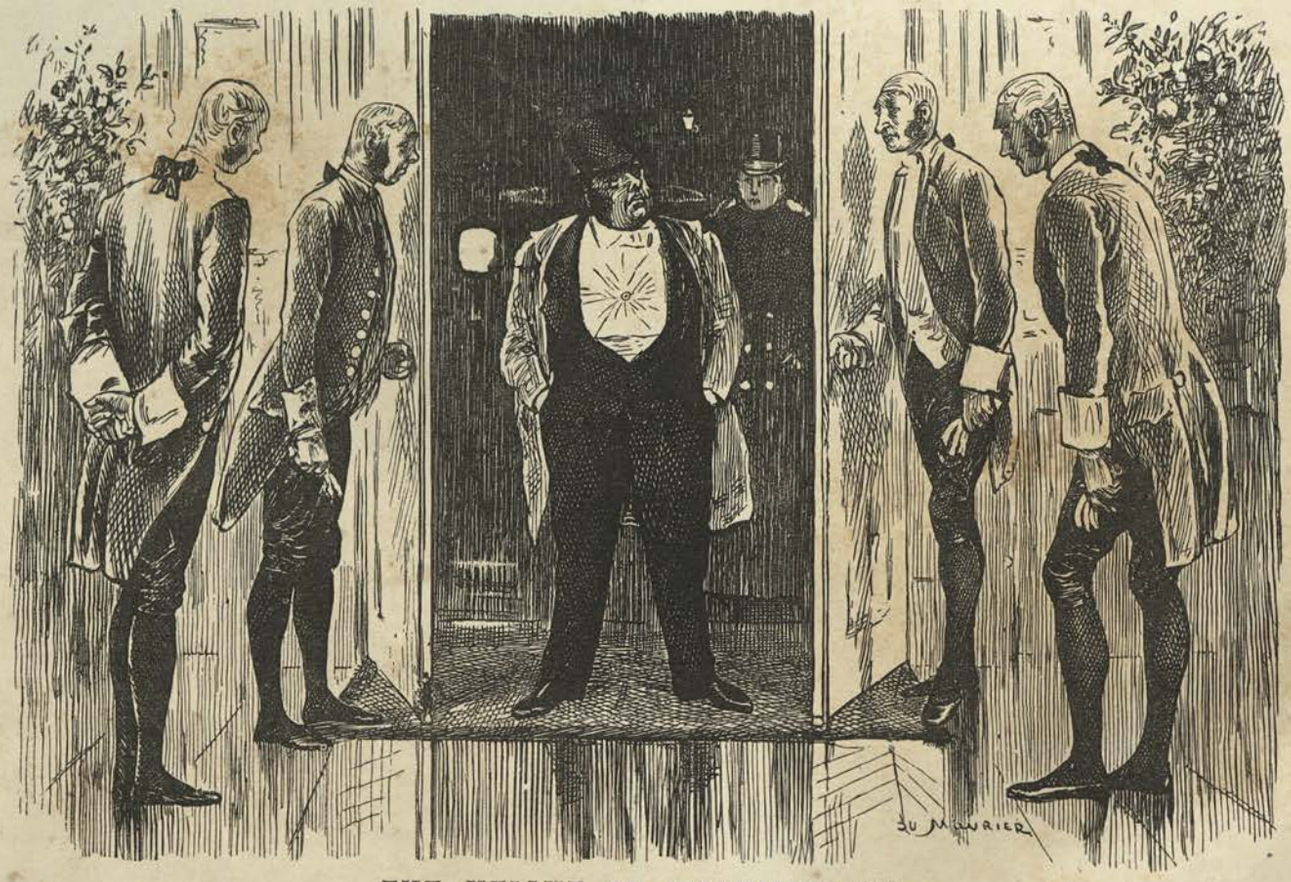
Chemist. "THERMOMETER, YOU MEAN, MA'AM, I SUPPOSE?"

Mrs. P. (eagerly). "YES, SIR, THAT'S IT, SIR, AND IF YOU'LL BE S' KIND, SIR, TO SET IT TO 'S.XTY-FIVE,' 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M TO KEEP THE ROOM AT!!"

MODERN VERSION OF "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

SATIETY.

"OH, MAMMY DARLING, WHY CAN'T THE TOYSHOP-MAN CALL FOR ORDERS EVERY MORNING, LIKE THE BAKER?"



THE HEIGHT OF MAGNIFICENCE.

Sir Gorgius Midas. "HULLO! WHERE'S ALL THE REST OF YER GONE TO?"

Head Footman. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR GORGIUS, AS IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHETHER YOU WAS COMING BACK HERE, OR GOING TO SLEEP IN THE CITY, THE HOTHER FOOTMEN THOUGHT THEY MIGHT GO TO BED——"

Sir Gorgius. "'THOUGHT THEY MICHT GO TO BED,' DID THEY? A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS, INDEED! SO THAT IF I'D A' 'APPENED TO BROUGHT 'OME A FRIEND, THERE'D A' ONLY BEEN YOU FOUR TO LET US HIN, HAY!"

THE LAST SELL.

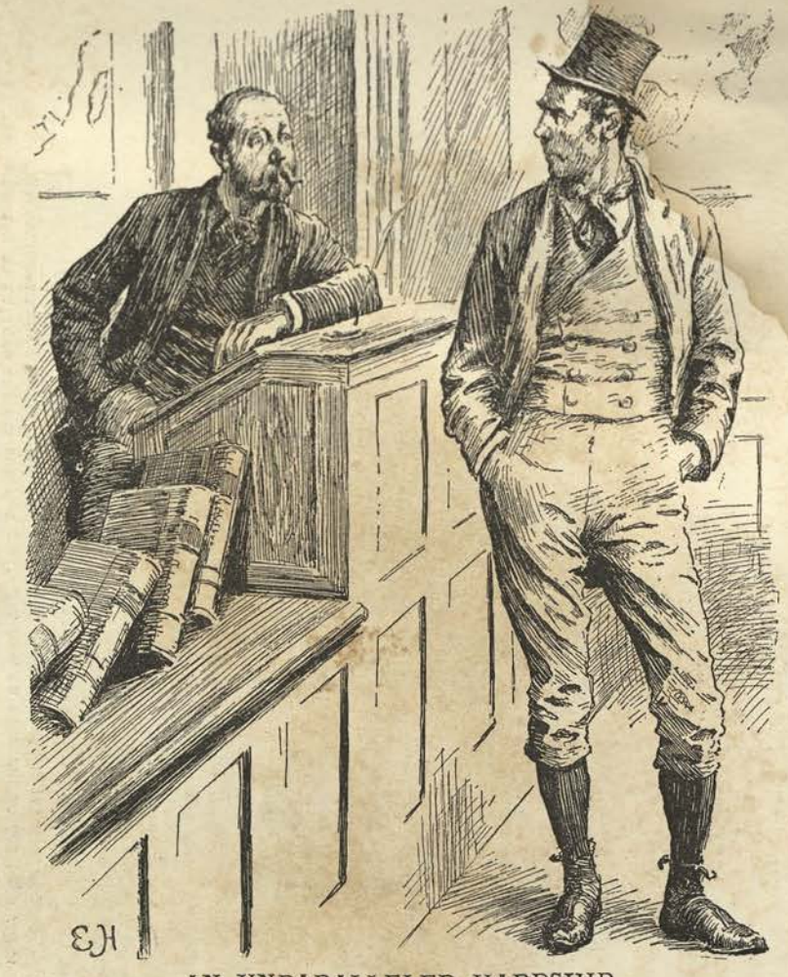
"OH SIR, PLEASE SIR, IS THIS CHANCERY LANE?"

"IT IS."

"AH! I KNOWED IT WAS!"

"THEN WHY DID YOU ASK?"

"'COS I WANTED TO HAVE COUNSEL'S OPINION!"



AN UNPARALLELED HARDSHIP.

Clerk (to Emigrant). "YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THE PASSAGE-MONEY; AND NOW ABOUT YOUR TRUNK?"

Emigrant. "AND HWHAT WOULD OI BE DOOIN' WID A TRUNK, SORR?"

Clerk. "OH, TO PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN."

Emigrant. "HWHAT! AND ME GO NAKUD?"

SOLICITUDE.

Child (screams and without any stops). "HANNER MARIA YER TIRESOME HAGGERWATIN' LITTLE USSEY COME OUT OF THE ROAD DO WITH YER LITTLE BROTHER DID YER WANT TO BE RUNNED OVER BY OMNIBUSTES AND KILLED DEAD OH DEAR OH DEAR WHO'D BE A NUSS?"

TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "AH! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'. WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"

A CHECK.

Short-tempered Huntsman (to Party who has been fidgeting about, thinking to pad the Fox).
"G' OUT O' TH' WAY! YOU WON'T FIND ANY PRIMROSES ABOUT HERE!"

THE WAY OF ALL FISH.

Customer. "NOT MUCH CHOICE TO-DAY!"

Fishwife. "WEEL, YE SEE, MANCHESTER TAKS A LOT, AN' THE NOO A WHEEN GANG TAE ANITHER PLACE THEY CA' LENT."

DIPLOMATIC.

Youthful Customer. "SHOULD A MAN SHAVE UP OR DOWN, MR. STROP?"

Barber. "'DEPENDS SO MUCH ON THE—AH—GROWTH OF THE 'AIR, SIR. IN YOUR CASE, I SHOULD SAY DECIDEDLY DOWN, SIR—DOWN!"

NO CHEESEPARINGS!

"AND 'OW ABOUT THE PERFORMERS FOR MY LADY'S CONCERT ON WEDNESDAY NEXT?"

"OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR GORGIUS! I'VE GOT YOU SIX *FIRST* VIOLINS, FOUR *SECOND* VIOLINS, AND—"

"*SECOND* VIOLINS BE 'ANGED! I'LL 'AVE NONE BUT *FIRST* FIDDLES PERFORMING IN *MY* 'OUSE!"

BYE-ELECTION-OLOGY.

Gladys. "LISTEN, SIBYL. PAPA HAS WON A GREAT MORAL VICTORY—WHAT DOES A MORAL VICTORY MEAN EXACTLY?"

Sibyl (who has had more experience). "OH, IT MEANS—WELL, THAT WE ARE TO BE THE VICTIMS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND NOT GO TO LONDON, AFTER ALL!"

LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Cabman. "LOR BLESS YER, MISS, WHY I'VE BIN *MARRIED* THIS SEVEN YEARS."

WELL OUT OF IT.

"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO GO, DRIVER; WHAT'S HIS FAULT, THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"

"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE DO KICK LIKE BLAZES."

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

Charles (reading, succinctly). "AND HE'S GONE TO QUOD."
Laura. "NOW, HE'LL KNOW WHAT A 'QUADRANGLE' MEANS."

"HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD."

Stern Examiner. "FOR INSTANCE, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR A TEXT FROM YOU."
Cheeky Commoner. "WELL, FACT IS I HAVEN'T LOADED MY MEMORY WITH TEXTS. BUT IN THE APOCRYPHA *(sic)* THERE'S MENTION THAT 'ROUND ABOUT WERE FOUR GREAT BEASTS'——" [*Plucked.*

ON THE ICE.

BEING HELPED ALONG A SLIDE BY SOME ONE ELSE'S BROTHER, AND——

BEING HELPED ALONG BY ONE'S OWN BROTHER.

THE USE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

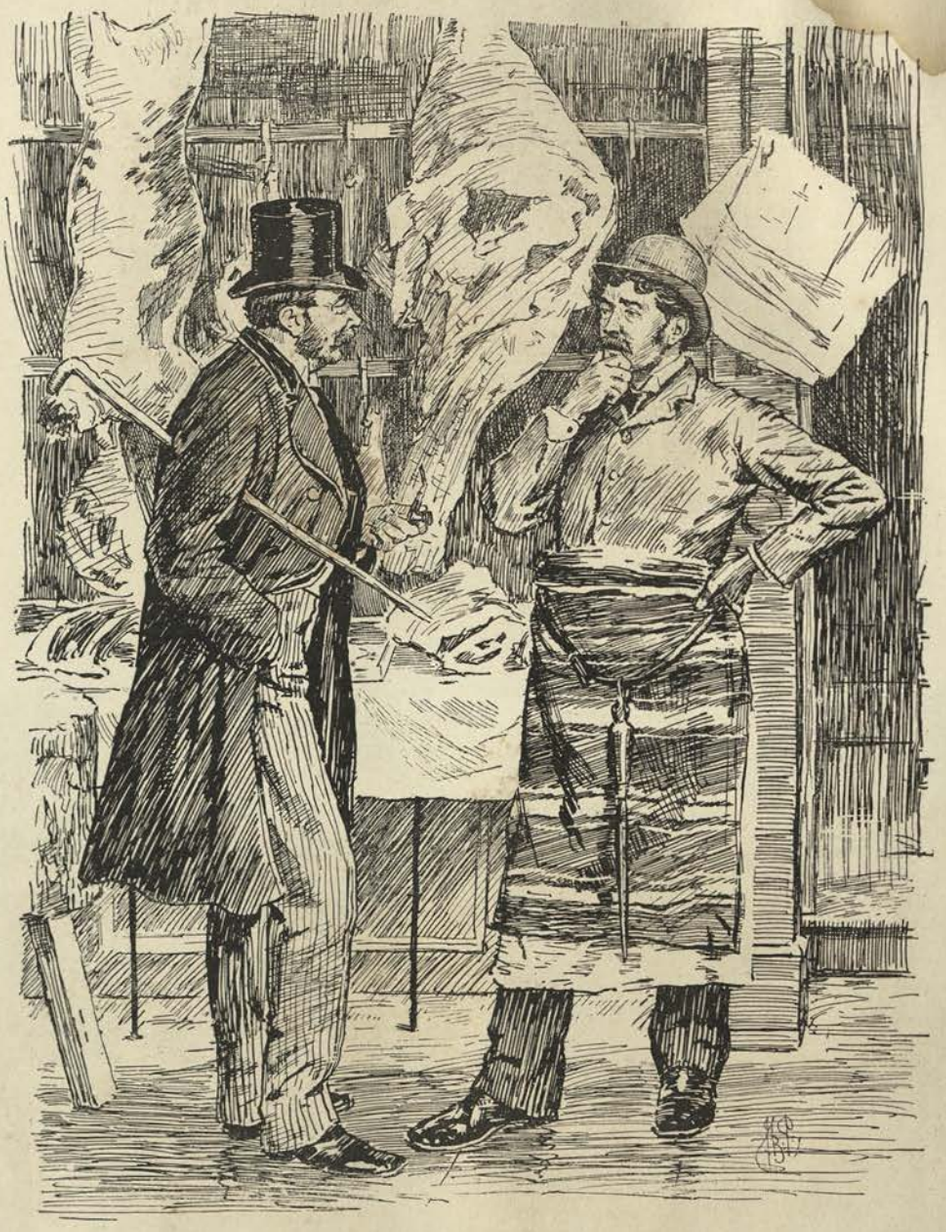
Mr. Sweep. "IT'S ENUFF TO TEMPT ONE. HE LOOKS SO JOLLY CLEAN HISSELF!"

RATIOCINATION.

'Spectable Mechanic ("as usual" on Saturday afternoon). "PEN'TH 'NAILSH!"

Chemist and Druggist (indignantly). "NAILS, SIR! GET ALONG WITH YOU OUT O' MY SHOP! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY NAILS."

Mechanic. "AIN'T GOT 'NY NAILS! *(Ponders.)* WHA' D' YER SCRASH Y'R 'EAD WI' THEN, GOV'N'R?"



THE PANGS OF MATRIMONY!!.

Casual Acquaintance. "HEAR YOU'RE TO BE MARRIED, MR. RIBBES. CONGRATULATE YOU!"

Mr. Ribbes. "MUCH OBLIGED, BUT I DUNNO SO MUCH ABOUT CONGRATULATIONS. IT'S CORSTIN' ME A PRETTY PENNY, I TELL YER. MRS. RIBBES AS IS TO BE, SHE WANTS 'ER *TROUSSEAU*, YER KNOW; AN' THEN THERE'S THE FURNISHIN', AN' THE LICENCE, AN' THE PARSON'S FEES; AN' THEN I 'AVE TO GIVE 'ER AN' 'ER SISTER A BIT O' JOOL'RY A-PIECE; AN' WOT WITH ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—SHE'S A 'EAVY WOMAN, YER KNOW, THIRTEEN STUN ODD—WELL, I RECKON SHE'LL 'A CORST ME PRETTY NEAR *TWO-AN'-ELEVEN A POUND* AFORE I GIT 'ER 'OME!"

OLD FRIENDS.

Big Ben. "OH, FLATTERY'S THE BANE OF FRIENDSHIP! JUST LOOK AT YOU AND ME, OLD MAN! WHY, I'VE *ALWAYS* TOLD YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF, HOWEVER DISAGREEABLE! IT'S A WAY I HAVE. AND YET WE'VE BEEN FAST FRIENDS FOR FORTY YEARS, AND I LIKE YOU BETTER THAN ANY FRIEND I POSSESS! INDEED, YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT LEFT!"

Little Dick (dreamily). "AH, BUT YOU *MUST* REMEMBER THAT I'VE *NEVER TOLD YOU THE TRUTH BACK AGAIN!*"

QUITE UP TO DATE.

Cousin Madge. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE. SO MANY THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF US!"

Charlie. "*NOT AT ALL!*"

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Rural Butler (deferentially). "AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR COUNTRY QUALITY DOWN HERE, SIR?"

Town Gentleman ("in waiting" to Lord Marybone, who was visiting the Squire). "WELL, 'F CCURSE, YOU SEE, SMITHARS, I DON'T MIND WAITIN' ON 'EM,—BUT—'CAN'T SAY I SHOULD CARE TO SIT DOWN WITH 'EM."!!!

"CIRCUMLOCUTORY!"

Polite Coster (seeing Smoke issuing from Brown's coat-pocket). "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR,—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'LEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGGIN' PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A' THOUGHT O' DOIN' UNDER ORDINARY SUCCUMSTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE ON IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE *A-FIRE*, SIR!"

[*By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fuzees had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.*

MANNERS.

Master George (a very naughty boy to new French Nurse). "CAROLINE, COMPRENNY-VCUS L'ONGLAY?" *Caroline.* "NON, MONSIEUR GECRCES."

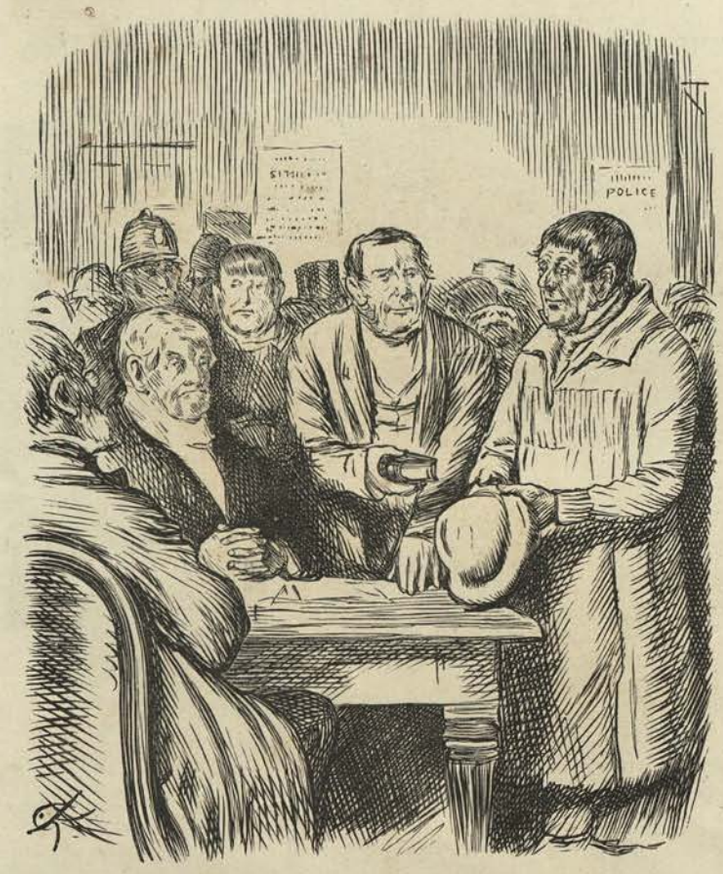
Master George. "QUEL DOMMAGE! PAS UN MOT?'

Caroline. "PAS UN MOT, MONSIEUR GEORGES."

Master George. "ALORS APPORTY-MOI MES BOTTES, SI VCUS PLAY, YOU OLD BEAST!"

FROM OUR VILLAGE.

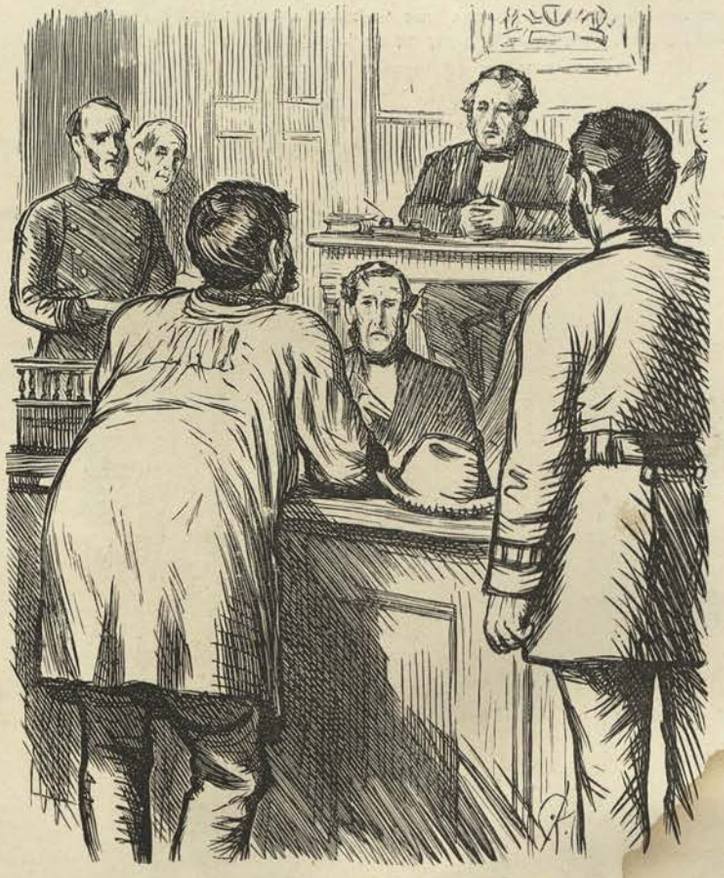
Mrs. Sharply (to the Doctor, who has looked in, having heard that her "good man" is ailing). "NO, I THANK YE, SIR. YOU SEE I'VE HEERD OF YOU, SIR, AS YOU'VE BEEN 'PRACT/SING' HERE FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, AND SO I'D RATHER YOU WENT 'PRACT/SING' ELSEWHERE, AS I DON'T WANT NO *'SPERIMENTS* ON MY OLD MAN!"



FAITHFUL EVER!

Magistrate's Clerk (swearing Witness). "KISS THE BOOK, MR. JOLTER."

Mr. Jolter (exemplary old Peasant—"never been before the Justices in his life"). "NOA, NOA, I BEAN'T A-GOIN' TO KISS NOBODY 'CEPT MY OW'D WOMAN!!"



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "YOU SAY, PRISONER, YOU'VE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CONSTABLE. WHAT IS IT?"

Prisoner. "PLEASE, SIR, HE TOOK ME UNAWARES, SIR!"

FORRAD ON!

Messrs Crawl and Funker. "WHERE'S THERE A BRIDGE?"
Second Whip (rather in a hurry). "HAIN'T NIVER A ONE FOR *MILES!* COOM UP, 'OSS!"

AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Near-sighted, but hard-riding Gentleman. "JUMPED OVER SOME FELLOW IN THAT DITCH! STRIKES ME IT WAS MY SON TOM!"

GENEALOGICAL.

The Rector. "A VERY NICE-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN, GILSON. DID I HEAR RIGHTLY THAT SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER?" *Rustic.* "YES, SIR, SHE WAR—SUSY WAR!"

The Rector. "HOW DO YOU MEAN—WAS?"

Rustic. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, FAITHER, HE MARRIED AGAIN, AND IN COURSE I CALLED HIS MISSUS 'MOTHER,' AND WHEN HE DIED SHE MARRIED BILL TOMKINS, SON O' JACK TOMKINS, AND I'M BLESSED IF MY SUSY DIDN'T SET UP AND MARRY JACK, WHO WAR A FRESHISH OLD CHAP. NOW, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, AIN'T SUSY MY GRANDMOTHER?"

THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.

Old Lady (!) "BOTHER OVER THE WAY! WE LIKE THE HORGINS!"

OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.

A NOVELTY. (NOVEMBER 21, 1857.)

THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.

HISTORY CONTRADICTS ITSELF. (MARCH 4, 1893.)

THE MISSES ROUNDABOUT THINK TIGHT SKIRTS A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. WEASEL'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.

NEW VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRE.

"LEFT WHEEL!"

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

Mistress (to Housekeeper, after "the Young Person" has left the room). "REALLY, WILKINS, I COULD NOT ENGAGE THAT YOUNG PERSON. SHE IS TOO UGLY BY FAR!"

Housekeeper. "VERY SORRY, MUM. BUT YOU SAID *SO PARTICULARLY* THAT I WAS TO LOOK OUT FOR A GOOD PLAIN COOK,—'QUITE A PLAIN COOK,' YOU SAID, MUM,—THAT I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME PARTICULAR REASON——"

CAVE CANEM!

POOR MR. SIMPSON THINKS HE'LL GET HIS GROCERIES AT THE CIVIL SERVICE STORES, AND CARRY THEM HOME HIMSELF. BEHOLD HIM WITH A HAM UNDER HIS ARM, AND HIS POCKETS FULL OF SAUSAGES!—AND HYDROPHOBIA ON THE INCREASE!

AFRAID OF COMMITTING HIMSELF!

"AND, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, BISHOP, THE TRAIN CAME TO A STAND-STILL IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME, AND MY DEAR AUNT JANE WAS *SAVED*—ACTUALLY *SAVED! NOW WASN'T THAT A MERCY*, BISHOP?"

"WELL, MRS. BOREHAM—YOU SEE—I—A—I *DON'T KNOW YOUR AUNT!*"

AN INCURABLE.

Mamma. "ALGERNON, YOU GREAT SILLY GOOSE, I AM ASHAMED OF YOU! TO GET INTO SUCH A STATE ABOUT THAT ODIOUS LITTLE MISS GRIGGS! WHY, SHE WAS DROPPING HER H'S ALL OVER THE ROOM!"

Algernon. "WAS SHE? I ONLY WISH I'D KNOWN IT; I'D HAVE PICKED 'EM UP—AND KEPT 'EM!"

FRANKNESS.

"SHALL—WE—A—'*REVERSE*'—MISS—LILIAN?"

"'*REVERSE*,' INDEED! THE IDEA! WHY IT'S AS MUCH AS YOU CAN DO TO KEEP ON YOUR LEGS AS IT IS!"

THE PITFALLS OF CULTURE.

Friendly and Sympathetic Footman. "WELL, THEY TELL ME, SIR, AS MR. BROWN, THE DENTIST ROUND THE CORNER, IS QUITE AT THE 'EAD OF THE PERFESSION,—IN FACT, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL '*PRINCIPLY FORCEPS*,' SIR!"

[No doubt the good man intended to say "Facile princeps," but he didn't.

ZOOLOGY.

Railway Porter (to Old Lady travelling with a Menagerie of Pets). "'STATION MASTER SAY, MUM, AS CATS IS 'DOGS,' AND RABBITS IS 'DOGS,' AND SO'S PARROTS; BUT THIS 'ERE 'TORTIS' IS A INSECT, SO THERE AIN'T NO CHARGE FOR IT!"

CONSIDERATE.

Churchwarden. "TELL YE WHAT 'TIS, SIR. THE CONGREGATION DO WISH YOU WOULDN'T PUT THAT 'ERE CURATE UP IN PULPIT—NOBODY CAN'T HEAR UN."

Old Sporting Rector. "WELL, BLUNT, THE FACT IS, TWEEDLER'S SUCH A GOOD FELLOW FOR PARISH WORK, I'M OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A *MOUNT* SOMETIMES."

DISCRETION.

"AND HERE'S AN EXTRA SIXPENCE FOR YOU, CABMAN—TO GET YOURSELF SOME *TEA*, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, MA'AM! THANK YER, MA'AM! I S'POSE I MAY CHOOSE MY OWN *GROCER*, MA'AM?"

A REGULAR TURK.

Tommy (who has just been operated on). "I MEAN TO BE A DENTIST, WHEN I GROW UP."

Aunt Annie. "WHY, DEAR?"

Tommy. "TO HAVE *REVENGE!*"

COUNTRY RACES.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

RIVAL JOCKEYS.

Bill (reads). "GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS."

Tom. "ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!! WHY I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE—FOR 'ARF A CROWN!"

EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"

DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Jack Dragoon (who has made a miss). "I SAY, BILL, THAT LAST SHOT OF MINE IS LIKE DEFERRED PAY—'GONE INTO THE BANK, AND 'DIVEL ONLY KNOWS WHEN IT'LL COME OUT AGAIN!"

VERY LITERAL.

The Major. "NO DOUBT YOU'RE VERY FOND OF ANTIQUES, MISS EUGENIA?"
Miss Eugenia. "OH YES, INDEED!—AND I'M DEVOTED TO GRANDMAMMA!"

"SO CAREFUL, SO ECONOMICAL, MY DEAR WIFE IS! SHE ALWAYS LOOKS UP THE DECANTERS WHEN WE'VE HAD ALL WE WANT — ON

ACCOUNT OF THE SERVANTS, YOU KNOW! HE! HE! . . . . *SHE DOESN'T KNOW I'VE GOT A KEY TOO!*"

CAUTION *v.* CAUTION.

TACT.

Lady Constance Ormolu. "BUT WHERE DO YOU MANAGE TO GET SUCH EXQUISITELY LOVELY TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY FOR YOUR PICTURES, MR. SOPELEY?"

Mr. Sopeley (putting up his Eyeglass, and gallantly fixing his Eye on her Ladysh'p). "I KEEP MY EYES OPEN, AND *LOOK ABOUT ME!*"

WHICH IS BEST?

Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DON'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROWSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."

Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. *I* DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE *SOME* PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"

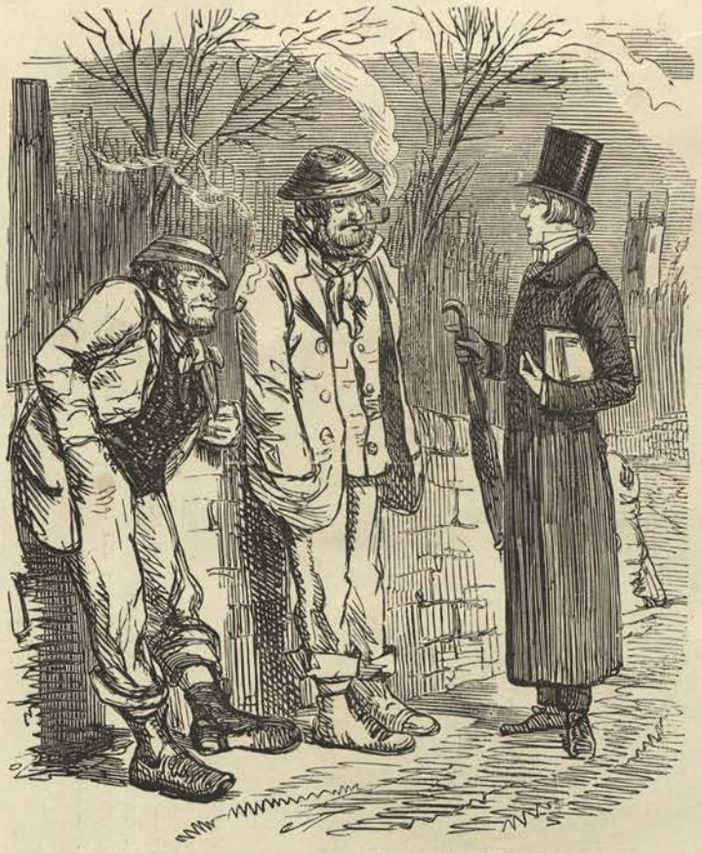
COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa. "SO, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED GIRL YOU MET LAST NIGHT?"

Charley. "YES, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY!"

Papa. "HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH AS PUDDING?"

Charley. "O YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING. BUT —*(pausing to reflect)*—I DO NOT LOVE HER—SO MUCH AS—JELLY!"



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

(An Attempt at Converting the Natives.)

Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"

Miner. "OI! THEE MAY'ST COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."

"AS CLEAR AS MUD."

Irish Waiter. "AN' WILL YER 'ANNER HAVE AN INSIDE KYAR OR AN OUTSIDE KYAR?"

Inexperienced Saxon. "OH, AN OUTSIDE CAR, OF COURSE; I DON'T WANT A COVERED CONVEYANCE; I WANT TO SEE THE COUNTRY."

Irish Waiter. "OH, SHURE, NAYTHER OF 'EM'S COVERED." *(Closing door and preparing for a luminous explanation.)* "IT'S THIS WAY, IT IS, SIR. THEY CALL 'EM INSIDE KYARS BEKASE THE WHEELS IS OUTSIDE, AN' THEY CALL 'EM OUTSIDE KYARS BY RASON THE WHEELS IS INSIDE!!"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY!

Fellow-Townsman (to Manufacturer). "HULLO, JACKSCREW! YOUR WORKS CLOSED? HOW'S THAT? I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE BUSY."

Jackscrew (Brass-founder). "SO WE ARE; BUT OUR 'ANDS TOOK 'EMSELVES OFF TO-DAY, TO JOIN THE PR'CESSION O' THE UNEMPLOYED!"

TRIALS OF A CONVALESCENT.

Tompkins (in a feeble voice, for the fourth or fifth time, with no result). "CHAIRMAN!!! CHAIRMAN!!!"
That Awful Boy. "LYDIES AND GENTLEMEN——"!!

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Street Boy (appropriately applying the popular phrase to a "deserving object"). "HE'S GOT 'EM ON!"

"WHERE A FOOTMAN IS KEPT."

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE, SARAH? IT'S NOT A HARD PLACE, AND JOHN DOES MOST OF YOUR WORK."

"YES, MA'AM! BUT—A—JOHN HAS NO CONVERSATION!"

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